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GOVERNOR SENTER, OF TENNESSEE.

We publish on this page a portrait of Governor **Senter**, of Tennessee. The election took place on the 6th of August, and it turned mainly on the question of the disfranchisement of white citizens. If this point had been yielded by the Radical Republicans, the State might have been carried the other way. As it was, **Senter** had a majority of nearly 60,000. If it should happen that, as a consequence of this election, ex-President **Andrew Johnson** should be elected to the United States Senate, then we must indeed feel that the wrong party has triumphed in Tennessee.

THE TROT AT BUFFALO.

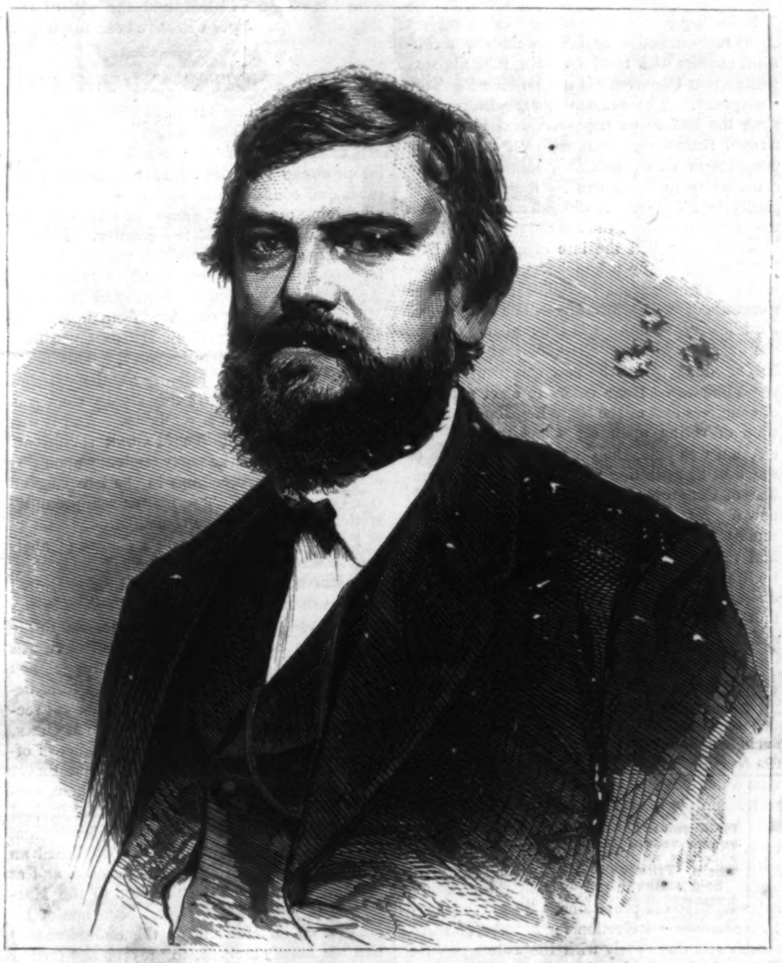
The recent trot at Buffalo, August 12, deserves to be commemorated. It took place at the Driving Park, where three years ago Dexter made the unprecedented time of 2.18 under the saddle. There, two years ago, Dexter made the best time ever recorded, in harness—2.17¼. Last year, on this course, a mile was paced in 2.14 by Billy Boyce.

There were 25,000 people present at the Park to witness the races on the 12th. Goldsmith Maid won the $10,000 purse in three straight heats, the time being 2.19¾, 2.19½, 2.19¾. This gives the Maid a place by the side of Dexter. The latter was bought by **Bonner**, who ought now to buy the Maid also. American Girl has trotted a single heat faster than the Maid, it is true, but for a sustained effort the performance of the latter exceeds any thing yet done upon the turf.

THE INTERNATIONAL BOAT-RACE.

The great event of August, in England, is the International Boat-race between the Harvard and Oxford crews. By the time that this number of our paper shall have reached its readers that race will probably have been decided. But we write, of course, in ignorance as to the result.

On the 6th of April, 1869, **William H. Simmons**, then Captain of the Harvard University Boat-Club, sent to the President of the Oxford University Boat-Club a challenge to row a race in out-rigger boats from Putney to Mortlake, some time between the middle of August and the first of September, 1869, each boat to carry four rowers and a coxswain. A similar challenge was at the same time sent to Cambridge. Oxford accepted—and so did Cambridge, but conditionally.



GOVERNOR SENTER, OF TENNESSEE.—[Phot. by C. C. Gibbs, Nashville, Tennessee.]

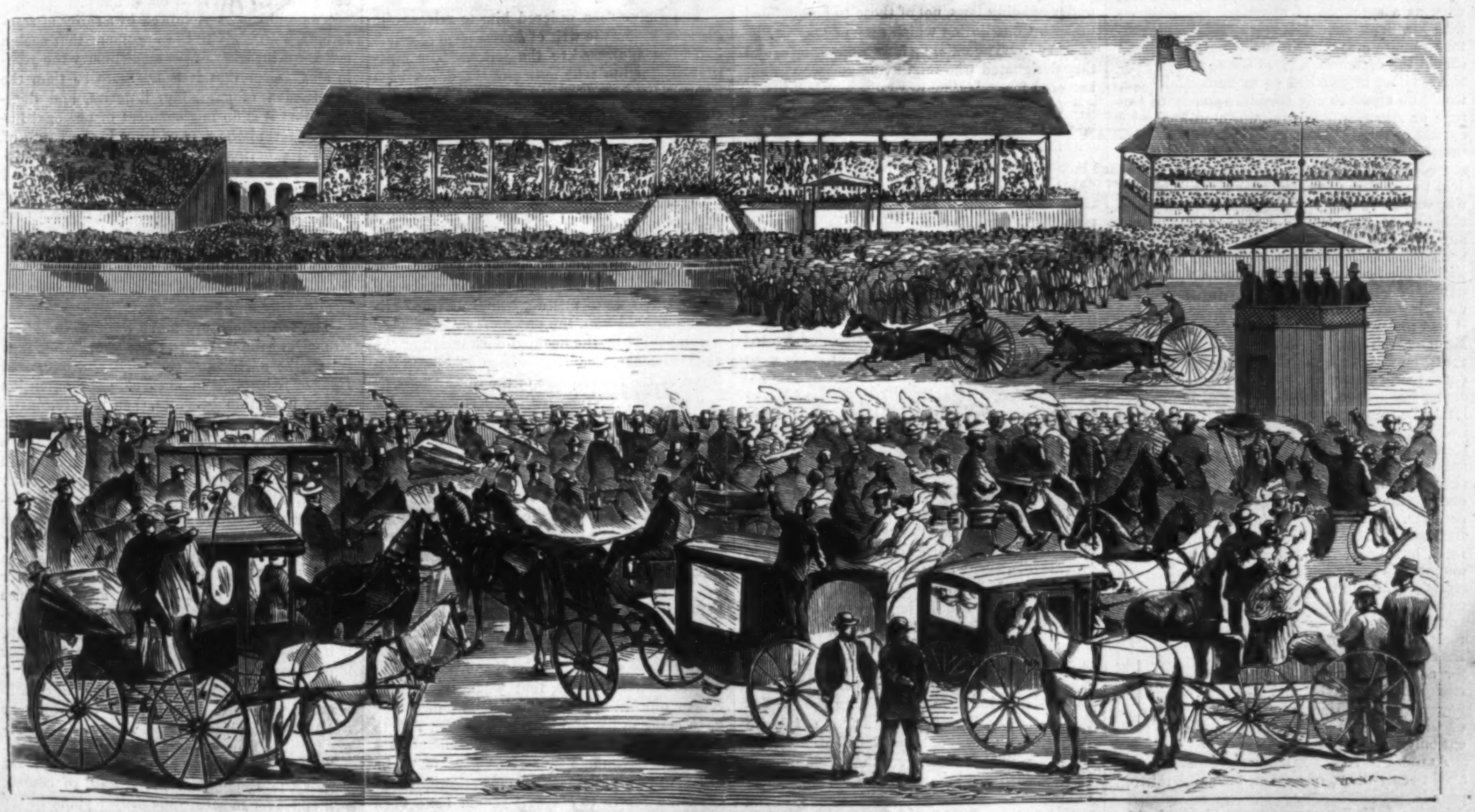
Mr. **Loring**, after some delay, consented to participate in the race on the side of Harvard. He has had the most brilliant record that has fallen to the lot of any American gentleman to display. To him Mr. **Simmons** magnanimously offered, not only the captaincy of the Harvard crew, but the stroke-ship also. But Mr. **Loring** decided after all that the boat would go best with Mr. **Simmons** as stroke, and himself at the bow, thus keeping the two less experienced, though by no means inexperienced, waist men thoroughly in hand.

The course chosen is the best known race-course in the rowing world—the time-honored track on which Cambridge had beaten Oxford so repeatedly that it seemed hopeless and foolish to try again, and on which suddenly Oxford beat Cambridge, and for the last nine years has, without one interruption, continued to win, so that the latter is annually in doubt whether to attempt it any more or not. It is known as the Metropolitan, or, more properly, as the Putney to Mortlake course, and nominally extends from Putney Bridge across the Thames, about four miles west of London, to the ship at Mortlake, four miles and one-third up stream. These figures and four miles three furlongs, also four miles and a quarter, have each been frequently given as its length, but the English papers have often stated that the distance is not accurately known.

THE OXFORD CREW.

The four men of the Oxford crew, all Etonians, and all, when taking the usual initiatory training at the great college which flourishes under the shades of Windsor, took their places in the Eton eight—all except Mr. **Darbishire**, who takes rank as having rowed twice against Cambridge. All have rowed in their college matches at Oxford; all have rowed in the winning boat at the great amateur regatta for gentlemen and scholars at Henley; all have been in the winning boat against Cambridge in the great race on the Thames.

Chief among them in rowing, name, fame, and rank, though not in nominal position in the boat, stands F. **Willan**, of Exeter College. He has



GREAT TROT AT THE BUFFALO DRIVING PARK, August 12, 1869.—[Sketched by J. P. Hoffman.]

rowed four times in the winning boat at the great race, and has contributed in no small degree to its success. Mr. Willan is a sturdy and well-knit man of not more than middle height, about twenty-five years of age. A southern complexion and well rounded face are set off and deepened by black hair kept short and neat, and small mustache; deep-set eyes and beetling eyebrows give to Mr. Willan an aspect of *hauteur* which is not in keeping with his genial nature, for he is a frank, hearty, and manly English gentleman. With great breadth of chest, sound lungs, and splendid physique, he combines massive shoulders and powerful arms. He has somewhat of the style of a man who has served at sea, and shows a degree of courage, power, determination, and endurance not often found in one man. He weighs eleven stone nine pounds.

Mr. J. C. Tinne, of University College, the President of Oxford University Boat-Club, is a younger and heavier man. He weighs thirteen stone seven pounds. Mr. Tinne is tall, youthful-looking, and shy. His power is latent rather than apparent; but with that robust and as yet not fully developed form, it is not difficult to associate long reach, flexible motion, and vast strength. Mr. Tinne is of light complexion, has not yet cultivated a beard nor taken occasion to be particular as to what turn his mustache may be required to take, but he has a pleasant look and an Oxford manner. Mr. Tinne has rowed three times in the winning boat.

Mr. A. C. Yarborough, of Lincoln College, has rowed twice in the same boat. He seems to be about twenty years of age, and weighs over eleven stone seven pounds, being six pounds lighter than when he rowed in the great race in the spring. Promptitude, activity, and determination are suggested by his sharp face, quick eye, and firm build. Less strong apparently than either we have just described, Mr. Yarborough is probably not less effective as a rowing man, and would certainly seem to have more staying power than either, because he is more compactly formed, and is likely, on that account, to do his work with less wear and tear of material than either of them. As a sculler, he carried off the Oxford sculls, over one mile and a quarter, on the University course.

Mr. A. Darbishire, of Baliol, eleven stone three, has rowed for two years against Cambridge. He was stroke on the race this spring at eleven stone eight. Mr. Darbishire may be twenty-two years of age, but, being smooth faced or clean shaven, he may be more than that. In stature he is less than either of those already mentioned, and in figure smaller, but more firmly built than any. Once in his day Mr. Darbishire must have been a good coxswain. Now he is a smart, sharp, and vigorous stroke, a man who will keep a pretty sharp eye on a boat creeping up, and who will not spare himself or his men when there is need for an extra call upon their powers. Judgment of pace and time, and estimate of skill and endurance, are qualities that abundantly fit this gentleman for his position.

Mr. J. H. Hall, the coxswain, at seven stone three pounds, is a Corpus man, who has not yet steered the boat in the annual contest, and has thus a grand opportunity of winning golden spurs and becoming "Hall marked."

THE HARVARD CREW.

Comparisons, however odious in a general way, can not in particular instances be avoided. It may be as well to say at once that, if all the Harvard crew are equal to Mr. William H. Simmons, of Concord, Massachusetts, and if his skill be at all equal to his power and physique, a more dangerous four-oar never appeared on Thames water. There is not a man in the Oxford boat who, as a specimen of manhood, can compare with Mr. Simmons. His bust, head, limbs, contour require a sculptor to do them justice, and should the crew win, a good statue of Mr. Simmons, either in classical or modern similitude, would do credit to any sculpture-gallery of Europe or America. We refrain in an honorable contest of this kind from hinting at an international meeting of another and baser sort which roused English feeling a few years ago, except just to say that there, too, was a splendid man who wanted nothing but absolute fair play to enable him to hold his own in his own line against any man in the world. It has long been a slur upon the Thames that, in these great matches, should the Londoner, whoever he may be, be in danger of defeat, the steamers and the small boats do their worst to discomfit his antagonist. Hence it was that when Hamill, of Pittsburg, rowed Kelley, the best English oarsman of his day, the Tyne was chosen as the scene of contest, because there, among the sturdy Northmen, a clear course was sure to be maintained. In that race, it may be remembered, *en passant*, that the high training, skill, and experience of Kelley completely vanquished the comparatively untutored strength of his rival. In this the same conditions will, no doubt, to some extent apply. On one side there is prestige, training, style, and experience. On the other durability, strength, and freshness. The Harvard men have had their races, but these have not been traditional. Their manner of rowing is different from that of their rivals. They have not been accustomed to a coxswain. They row in a strange land, on a strange river, among strangers, who, whatever their sympathies may be, can not but wish for the success of the English boat. Oxford is noted for a long and powerful swing, and for great strength, good style, and stamina or staying power. Of the Harvard we have, at the time of writing, heard so little that we can at present only sum them up thus:

Alden Porter Loring, captain and bow oar, aged twenty-three, of Boston, ten stone thirteen pounds.

William H. Simmons, twenty, Concord, thirteen stone; a very powerful oar.

Sylvester Warren Rice, twenty-six, Roseburg, Oregon, eleven stone six pounds; great length of reach and power of endurance.

George Bass, Chicago, twenty-four, stroke; a splendid athlete.

Arthur Burnham, Chicago, coxswain, eight stone four pounds.

Our last advices are that Rice and Bass are to be displaced by Fay and Lyman, on the ground that with them better time could be made.

The Harvard crew took with them to England a boat built by Elliott, of Greenpoint. But upon trial this boat was found inadequate, and a new boat was ordered from the Salters of Oxford. Thus both the boats will be of English manufacture, and the international rivalry of the race will be confined to the styles and sinews of the competitors.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, September 4, 1869.

GENERAL CANBY'S DUTY.

In dealing with so new and difficult a subject as reconstruction, and in the midst of a constant conflict with the Executive, it is not surprising that Congress did not provide for every emergency. The consequences, however, are none the less to be regretted, and should be treated reasonably, and not with mere party purposes in view; and if a solution at once conciliatory and just can be found, it should gladly be adopted. A difficulty has arisen on the interpretation of the act approved April 10, 1869, under which the late election was held in Virginia. The original reconstruction acts make certain persons ineligible to election as members of the Legislature. The act of April 10, however, submitted to the registered voters the question whether disfranchisement should be continued under the new Constitution. It also empowered those voters to elect members of Congress and of the State Legislature at the time of voting upon the Constitution. The election was held, the disfranchising clause of the new Constitution was rejected, and Members of Congress and of Assembly chosen. It now appears that many of the members of Assembly so elected are incapacitated by the original reconstruction acts; and it is claimed on their behalf that the act of April 10 repeals the disfranchising clauses of the original acts, and that therefore the members may take their seats. But General Canby, commanding in the State, is of a different opinion, and it is understood that he intends to require the test oath.

This is a difficulty which would have been avoided if the later act had expressly declared the repeal of any part of the earlier. But in so vital a matter as reconstruction no repeal of any restriction ought to be assumed; and to make that assumption still less proper in the present case, the necessary operation of the new Constitution, if approved by Congress, will hereafter, but not for the purposes of this election, supersede the old provisions. The act of April 10 authorizes an election for Members of Assembly simultaneously with the vote upon the disfranchising clause. But that act necessarily contemplates the election of members qualified under existing laws, not of those to be qualified under a Constitution which may or may not be approved. The existing laws were known, and they designated who might vote and who might be voted for. If they were disregarded, it was not from ignorance. It was no more competent for unqualified voters to vote for the Constitution because it would qualify them than for qualified voters to vote for ineligible candidates because the Constitution would make them eligible. If the Constitution were adopted without the disfranchising clause, and if the Constitution, with the Legislature of qualified members, were accepted by Congress, then, of course, they become the fundamental law and the legal Assembly of the State; and at subsequent elections the voters now unqualified might vote, and the candidates now ineligible be voted for. General Canby's duty is plain. He must obey existing laws, not propositions of law not yet approved. If a Legislature assembles he must take care that it be qualified according to law.

But if he does this it is unquestionable that the will of the qualified voters will be defeated. It may be said, indeed, and undoubtedly with a great deal of truth, that ineligible candidates were intentionally and defiantly selected. But, on the other hand, the omission of the act to provide distinctly for the emergency must be conceded. It is an unfortunate dilemma, and it is one which should have been foreseen by Congress; but it is by no means a case for denunciation or fury. Those who voted at the late election were qualified. They therefore represent the State of Virginia which Congress has declared itself, in determining the qualification, willing to recognize. It can not desire that their wishes should be defeated. Yet if the Legislature meets before the assembling of Congress, General Canby must, in obedience to law, unseat so many members as to give the power to the minority. They would probably elect two United States Senators in sympathy with the minority. But what would be the result? Those Senators could take their seats only when Congress had approved the new Constitution of the State. But that Constitution abolishes disfranchisement; and if party advantage be considered, the election of minority Senators would justly be regarded with a bitterness which would hurt the cause of the minority infinitely more than the Senators could help it.

The honorable and proper solution of the difficulty is evident. The act of April 10 provides that the Legislature shall not assemble until four weeks after the General commanding in the State proclaims that the Constitution has been ratified by the legal voters. Let General Canby delay his proclamation until the meeting of Congress. Then let Congress, upon his certificate of the facts, order new elections in the place of the ineligible members. There will be ample time for such elections, for the meeting of the Legislature, and the choice of Senators, before the session of Congress is far advanced; and there could be no just complaint upon any side, for all laws will then have been satisfied, and the will of the majority of the voters will have been respected.

THE LOCOMOTIVE AND THE COO.

Among the minor blessings which the country owes to the Democratic party is Judge M'Cunn, of New York. His lofty character, his profound legal learning, the universal respect and confidence which he commands, are all shining proofs of the superior claims of that party to the control of the country. Indeed, the character of a party which receives its policy from a Sweeney, which calls a M'Cunn to the bench, and elects an A. Oakey Hall for Mayor, is sufficiently perceived from those facts. Ex pede Herculem; given M'Cunn, you may construct the Democratic party. This party cherishes a peculiar jealousy of the national government, and asserts very stoutly what it is pleased to call State sovereignty. And it was only natural that Judge M'Cunn should attempt to illustrate the party tendency upon this subject by his proceedings in the late case of the Texan Pratt. The matter was promptly settled, but it should be remembered.

Pratt was arrested upon a charge of abetting an atrocious murder in Texas last October, and was held for examination by the United States Commissioner. A writ of *habeas corpus* was issued by Judge M'Cunn, addressed to the jailer, who returned answer that Pratt was held by the United States. The Judge then required the personal appearance of Pratt before him. The United States officers, not recognizing any authority upon the part of M'Cunn, but anxious to avoid even the appearance of offense, and with the understanding that Pratt would be immediately remanded to them, carried him before Judge M'Cunn, who, instead of instantly resigning all claim to jurisdiction, which it was his lawful duty to do, heard an argument upon the merits of the case, and at the end "remanded the prisoner to the Marshal"—as if the Marshal had been one of his officers. The Marshal, as the understanding had not been observed, to prevent any further actual interference by M'Cunn, placed Pratt in Fort Schuyler.

The Judge then ordered him to release the prisoner under the writ of *habeas corpus*, which had been addressed to the jailer. The Marshal declined to take notice of the order, both because he was no party to the writ, and because Judge M'Cunn had no jurisdiction in the case. Thereupon the Judge ordered his arrest for contempt, and the President of the United States ordered the Marshal not to allow the execution of the laws to be defeated by his arrest. The Marshal then summoned the military protection of the United States, and at the time specified by the Commissioner the prisoner was brought before him for examination, and was released by him upon the ground that there was not sufficient legal evidence to hold him, the order of release being accompanied by the decided declaration of the Commissioner, that his decision had been delayed by the interference of the State Court.

Judge M'Cunn has as much right to order the release of Pratt and the arrest of the Marshal as any old apple-woman, and no more. The point has been long settled, both by the Supreme Court of the United States and by the State statutes, that when return is made to a writ of *habeas corpus*, issued by a State Judge, that the prisoner is held by the United States authorities, the State Judge is to remand him to their custody. The mistake of the authorities in this case was in consenting to appear before Judge M'Cunn at all. It was indeed done with the best intention, with the intention of avoiding the very objection of discourtesy that was sure to be raised, and was raised; but the difficulty was, that when the United States officers appeared before M'Cunn they gave color to his claim of jurisdiction, and to suppose that that excellent Judge would not improve the advantage thus given him was to be at least unwary. As he had no authority whatever, the return to his writ should have been made, and no form of recognizing any further claim tolerated. After Judge M'Cunn knew the facts, the attempt by his writ to arrest the Marshal was nothing else than lawless violence to prevent the execution of the laws of the land.

The *Sun*, in its bitter hostility to Marshal Barlow, whose vigilant and successful enforcement of the Neutrality laws it can not forgive, declared that if Mr. Seward had been Governor of the State he would have called out the whole military force to sustain a writ which Judge M'Cunn had no more authority to issue than the reporter of the *Sun*. Mr. Seward is too good a citizen and too sound a lawyer to attempt any such unpardonable crime. If a New Jersey or California Judge had issued his writ for the Marshal's arrest in New York, would Mr. Seward, as Governor, have called out all the militia to enforce the writ if the Marshal refused to acknowledge it? But their writ would be just as lawful under the circumstances as Judge M'Cunn's. The Supreme Court of the United States has decided that no judicial process can have authority beyond its jurisdiction. The whole affair is another illustration of the eagerness to bring the national and State authority into collision, which is constantly displayed by the advocates of State "sovereignty." The attitude of the United States officers was respectful and conciliatory until the audacious attempt of a Judge to impede the execution of the law. Then their conduct was firm and prompt in asserting the just authority of the United States.

THE MASSACHUSETTS PROHIBITIONISTS.

Those who anticipated a rupture in the Republican party of Massachusetts by the action of the Prohibitory Convention are disappointed. The President, upon taking the chair, remarked that the purpose of the Convention was not a multiplication of candidates; and with a hearty greeting to all delegates who might be Democrats, but assuming that the great majority were Republicans, he announced his intention to discharge his duty "within the limits of the Republican party."

The address of the Convention asserts that the people of Massachusetts have for thirty years approved prohibition upon the ground that whatever is clearly injurious to the State may be forbidden by the State. Experience, it says, teaches that the drunkard-maker is a criminal; so the sale of liquor as a beverage was prohibited. This law, according to the address, was most successful. But the pressure of opposition repealed it. "A great and trusted leader"—for thus it speaks of John A. Andrew—"foremost in the work of a kindred and not inferior reform, who had given the State a triumphant record and himself an immortal name in the national conflict, cast his great powers and greater name in the scale of ruin." License replaced prohibition; but the pauperism of the State increased within the succeeding year nearly fourfold, and the jails were so crowded that the Governor declared their enlargement would be necessary if the license law were maintained. The result was a restoration of prohibition by the last Legislature; and the address concludes by stating that the party which pronounces for prohibition will receive such support as it never knew.

The address was followed by a series of resolutions. In reply to the argument that such a law is an invasion of personal liberty the resolutions affirm that it is no more so than the suppression of gambling, lotteries, and dueling; that it is no infringement of personal liberty to forbid the sale of what is the cause of general suffering and crime; that it is incontestible that one-half of the pauperism and crime in the country is caused by the open sale of liquor as a beverage, and the State which supports paupers and criminals has a right to forbid the sale of that which makes them so—which is proved by the fact that those who deny the right to prohibit do for the very same purpose restrict and limit.

The resolutions are much too diffuse. The strength of the position of the temperance men lies in the universally conceded and exercised right of restriction by license. The extension of the limitation becomes then a question of expediency; and if it can be established that an extension even to prohibition really keeps the peace better and lowers the taxes, they will have gained an immense advantage. Rev. Dr. Miner, who replied to Governor Andrew before the Committee of the Legislature, in a speech to the Convention, said that the new prohibitory law, during the forty-eight days in which it had been enforced, had done more for temperance and morality than all the license laws had ever done. The good Doctor's assertion certainly proves the ardor of his faith, if it is less serviceable to his cause than a few figures would be; and when he declared that there was joy in hell over every issue of certain newspapers which do not agree with him, he did not certainly commend his cause to hearers at this distance.

The Massachusetts prohibitionists will act within the Republican party, and, of course, will endeavor to secure the proper plank in the platform at the September convention. We doubt if they will succeed. They are a powerful and persistent, but it is not probable that they are yet the controlling, element of the party. Some of the most influential and able Republicans are as resolutely hostile to prohibition as a party tenet as Governor Andrew was; so that if the prohibitionists can carry the Convention they can by no means command the whole Republican vote of the State. If they are a clear majority of the Convention they will undoubtedly insist upon a distinct prohibitory declaration. If they are not, they will be obliged to accept a compromise.

THE COAL QUESTION.

If the Pennsylvania authorities are unable to maintain public order in the mining districts it is their duty to demand assistance of the United States. It is useless to say that the President ought to interfere, for the President can do nothing except upon a constitutional request from the Governor or the Legislature. If the miners have a real grievance, mobs and riots are not the proper remedy, and should no longer be tolerated.

The people of Pennsylvania have an unquestioned interest in collecting from the Northern and Eastern States as large returns for anthracite coal as possible, in order that they may be distributed over the State, and this interest will have great effect in determining its policy. The amount exacted from local consumers of coal in Pennsylvania by reason of strikes bears but a small proportion to the excess over usual profits which a successful strike produces for such distribution. Many Pennsylvanians, therefore, if they weep at all over these alarming disturbances, weep with only one eye, as they view in the opposite scale the pecuniary advantage. The miners are a powerful body in a political sense, and would wield their united strength against the Governor who should be the means of calling out the forces of the Union to keep them in order. Pennsylvania will probably hesitate before taking this decisive but necessary step.

The demand on the part of the miners, which they prosecute with force, is, to be admitted to such participation in the profits of the mines as they think advantageous; and as much of this property is owned by persons and Companies located out of the State, the motive appears not to be as powerful for restraining the violent assertion of this demand as if the mines were owned exclusively in Pennsylvania. It is not improbable, also, that the policy which advances the price of coal to unreasonable limits has some support from the Companies which share in the advantage, or we should hear of demands openly and publicly made on Governor Geary, if the State were unequal to the task of preserving order, to require the General Government to carry out its guarantee of protection against domestic violence. In the absence of such demands, whether explicable by selfish considerations or not, it is for the Governor to consider whether the lawless condition of the coal districts can be safely endured.

It will be found that the object of this strike has no strong sympathies outside of the limits of Pennsylvania, and, on the contrary, that there are powerful interests which would combine to support the Government of the United States if it should be required to intervene. Coal is of such general use and necessity that the interest is extensive and powerful which calls for putting down the armed combination which keeps it at a high price to the damage of all the various industries of the country. It is of the highest importance that fuel for domestic and manufacturing purposes should be furnished at a cheap rate. It constitutes one of the elements for successful competition with foreign industries; and as the mines are owned in great part outside of Pennsylvania, and as roads have been chartered to run their cars from the mines across State lines, there is nothing in the way of the general enjoyment of these deposits of coal except the disturbances at the mines; and the rioters should be unmistakably taught that they must seek redress, like other citizens, of the laws and not of brute force.

Notwithstanding these troubles in the anthracite districts it is pleasant to know that the Cumberland mines in Maryland are worked with regularity, and that the Baltimore and Ohio road, which carries coal at the lowest rate per ton, has refused at this juncture, though strongly urged, to increase the hardly remunerating freight which is charged. The policy is the reverse of that of some roads running out of New York, for it looks to permanent results and to substantial interests.

The question what Congress can do for relief will engage attention. The duty on bituminous coal—28 bushels to the ton and 80 pounds per bushel—is $1 25 per ton, and upon all other coal it is 40 cents per ton. Although it is higher on bituminous than upon other coal the bituminous is really the competing coal with the anthracite, for it may be used for manufacturing purposes, and for consumption in open grates and Franklin stoves. The description of coal at 40 cents per ton is very little imported, although it would appear to be the competing article with anthracite. Except for these incessant difficulties in Pennsylvania the manufacturing States which have no coal beds might refuse to touch this duty; but it would be manifestly wrong to continue it under the circumstances. If the duty were removed an immense amount, suitable for engines, would be received from Nova Scotia.

The fear expressed in some quarters that the owners of Pennsylvania mines may purchase those of Nova Scotia to secure themselves in a monopoly need not be entertained. The Cumberland and Pictou fields in Nova Scotia are estimated at a hundred square miles, the seams having a thickness in the whole of fifty feet, while the available seams in Cape Breton are estimated at a hundred and twenty square miles of a thickness of from one to twelve feet. As the coal-beds are convenient to numerous sea-ports it will be impossible for monopoly to command districts so extensive and valuable.

If the duty on coal should be taken off, which is the evident policy, our manufacturing industry would have one of the obstacles removed which prevents competition with others; and as Nova Scotia does not extend further north than parts of Maine and convenient to our coast, it is easy to foresee the relations between us which large supplies of coal would produce; and it would appear to be putting aside one of the great favors of Providence to maintain a rate of duty which practically denies us the benefits of this fortunate provision.

THE DUTY OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

Governor Palmer, of Illinois, has recently made a speech in which he very well defines a party as an agency for the public good, and remarks that no party will be sustained on account of its past services. He then proceeds to speak of the questions of the time upon which parties must express themselves; of the enormous corruption in politics, and of the necessity of restoring the proper relations between the National and State governments, which the war and the policy which it necessitated have naturally disturbed. This is the point upon which he chiefly insists, evidently with the feeling that there is a tendency toward forgetfulness of the just rights of the States. Senator Morton, of Indiana, has also made a speech in which he reviews with pride and pleasure the career of the Republican party, and declares that, great as its work has been, it is not yet ended. It has done one thing at a time, and done it well; and it will continue in the glorious path of progress. Senator Morton then shows that the choice lies between the two parties, and that the Democratic party has nothing to offer but negations and dissatisfactions.

Senator Sherman, of Ohio, also has given his view of the political situation. He claims that the Administration is reducing the public expenditures within the appropriations, and that a firm policy will without difficulty pay the debt within twenty years. The condition of the currency, in Mr. Sherman's judgment, is due to the timidity of public opinion which opposes its reduction; and he holds that the responsibility can not be charged upon any party. He thinks the discussion of a tariff useless, because at present there is an undoubted preference of an indirect to a direct tax. The present tariff is designed to raise about $150,000,000 upon importations; and its protection is purely incidental, and not so great as to prevent a healthy competition between foreign and domestic manufacturers. Mr. Sherman sums up his views upon this point in these words: "The question of protection is purely incidental; and until our debt is so reduced that we may largely reduce our taxes, it is idle to discuss the mere policy of protection as a measure of national economy. It is enough that we must now levy the duties to raise revenue; and before this necessity ceases the manufactories of this country will be on so stable a footing as to defy the competition of the world." This is, however, rather a cheerful and dextrous avoidance of the exact question, which is the true method of levying duties?

The speeches of all these gentlemen show a perception of the fact that the party in which they are all conspicuous must address itself with such vigor and intelligence to the actual issues as to continue to inspire the confidence which it now enjoys. For eight years it has had a positive, progressive, and therefore a triumphant policy. It has not counseled with its doubts and fears, but with its faith and hope. For however courteous, however conciliatory, the tone of party discussion may be, a party policy must be clear, intelligible, and heroic. Whether the object be, with Walpole, internal peace, or, with Chatham, foreign victory, the policy must be bold and the tendency undoubted. It is not necessary that the Republican party now unroll a dazzling programme of annexation and foreign hectoring to propitiate the worst part of the population; but it is necessary that it grapple at once with evident and increasing evils. Corruption is one of them. Let the party pronounce upon it by a vigorous support of a reform in the civil service. The complexity of the tariff and of the system of internal taxation also demand reform. Mr. Sherman says that he hopes soon to see all internal taxes repealed except those on whisky, tobacco, and incomes. Let the party demand a simple and efficient system. As for the currency, its regulation, under existing circumstances, is so entirely a matter of experiment that it would be useless to proclaim the details of any method. While the country sees a steady reduction of the debt, and an increasing economy of administration, it will not insist upon specific theories.

The Republican party is master of the situation, and it can easily retain control of the country if it remembers its own history. Principle, intelligence, boldness—these have been its conquering signs, and with these it will continue to conquer. The Democratic party is strong only by the faults of the Republican. In all the Democratic platforms that have been put forth for the autumn elections there is no system of principles except such as are no less odious to honest and intelligent men than they were when first announced. The only positive proposition that appears in those platforms is some kind of repudiation, a revelation of the tendency and sympathy of the party. Upon the question of equal rights, which the Republican party is happily and justly settling, these platforms are contradictory. For unconditional free-trade they do not distinctly declare, because Pennsylvania holds an election. They sneer and denounce and declaim, but the only reason that any voter should prefer a Democratic to a Republican ticket in any of the States in which an election is pending is, that he thinks the Republicans need the spur of defeat, not that he believes that greater honesty, economy, or constitutionality of administration would be secured by the ascendency of the party from whose supremacy sprang the corrupt system which now threatens, and the treason which lately assailed the Government. It is for the Republican party to show that it does not need such a spur by the character of the principles it proclaims upon living issues, and of the candidates whom it nominates to office.

EMIGRATION TO LOUISIANA.

The State of Louisiana devotes great and intelligent attention to the subject of immigration, and its Commissioners for that purpose, of whom Dr. James O. Noyes is President, take care to furnish the most ample and various information for all who are looking for a new home. Thus it appears that Louisiana, contrary to the general impression, is shown by the statistics to be one of the most healthy States in the Union. Louisiana is as healthy as Massachusetts, and the climate is delightful, the mercury seldom rising above 90° in summer or falling below 30° in winter, and the mean temperature being about 70°. The rate of annual mortality, also, even in New Orleans, which has had a bad reputation upon that score, is much less than that of cities which are considered to be much healthier. In Boston the ratio is 1 to 41.26; in New York, 1 to 27.84; in London, 1 to 40; in Paris, 1 to 32; in Havana, 1 to 33; and in New Orleans the mean of three years unaffected by yellow-fever is 1 to 47.48. The Commissioners pass rather lightly over the yellow-fever, speaking of "occasional epidemics which are confined to the towns and cities, and which scourge we shall in time learn to obviate altogether." There has, however, been but one season of yellow-fever in New Orleans since 1858.

Louisiana has a remarkable system of natural means of transportation in twenty thousand miles of river, lake, and bayou navigation. To supply the transports the whole northern part of the State produces cotton; the rice lands of Louisiana are incomparably the best in the Union; and nine-tenths of the cane sugar produced in the United States come from the delta of the Mississippi. The orange groves are most valuable. The orange crop on six acres containing 600 trees, and belonging to a poor man, was sold last year for $7000. Many sugar planters realized last year a profit of more than $150 per acre; many, also, cleared a net profit of $1000 or $1500 per hand. Indeed, the Commissioners set forth several appetizing facts of this kind; and then add, as if to make temptation irresistible, that sugar plantations cleared, ditched, and fenced, with comfortable "if not splendid" dwellings, can be bought at less than half the cost of the improvements. Sugar lands are to be bought at $5 to $75 per acre; cotton lands from $3 to $30. Rice lands are equally low. The United States hold 3,000,000 acres in Louisiana at $1 25 per acre; and there is about the same quantity of State land at 25 cents per acre. If the immigrant is too poor to buy, there is the Homestead law to befriend him. In no other State, says the Board, will a dollar buy so much; in no other can a man live so easily.

Such is the mildness of the climate that there are about 250 fair working days on the farm in Louisiana against less than 150 in New York or Wisconsin; and the Commissioners could immediately find places on plantations for 10,000 able-bodied men at $20 per month, with house rent and the principal articles of food included. Indeed the natural resources of the State are remarkable, and with intelligent labor and enterprise, and political tranquillity, Louisiana would be among the most prosperous of States.

NOTES.

Louis Napoleon is a sagacious man, and in his case the only question is whether he is sagacious enough to keep his word. He has established many of the fundamental forms of a constitutional and responsible government in France; and upon the hundredth anniversary of the birthday of his uncle he granted a complete amnesty to press and political offenders, and to sundry other classes of delinquents. But M. Thiers, now an old man, who has seen many changes in France, and who is a Frenchman of Frenchmen, shakes his head and says that the republic is coming in France, but coming in blood and ravage. M. Thiers, however, is a disappointed Orleanist, and was always a man of little faith.

The discovery of the shocking abuse of a nun in the convent at Cracow has so stirred the Austrian people and Government that the Minister of Public Worship has informed the Governor of the Province that the Government believes itself bound to stop the payment of the annual subsidy to the convent, and also to propose an inquiry whether the convent should not be suppressed. The feeling with which an event like that of the Cracow convent is received shows how profound is the popular doubt and jealousy of the ecclesiastical régime.

It is quite time that Congress relieved from legal pursuit the military officers of the United States who, during the rebellion and the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus*, summarily arrested and imprisoned suspected persons. John Mitchel, whom to name is to describe, has brought an action against General Dix for illegal imprisonment, and the General was arrested under a M'Cunn writ and held to bail in twenty thousand dollars. It was easy for General Dix to procure the bail, but an ingenious system of such actions might cause the most serious annoyance to those who are less fortunately situated than General Dix, and who are as guiltless as he.

Senator Brownlow has written a curious letter in regard to the Tennessee election. It is curious from the moderation of its tone, and from its admissions. Mr. Brownlow says that a majority of the Republicans of Tennessee are Senter men, and that Senter is a sound Republican, but he is very careful not to claim the result of the election as a Republican victory. Indeed, he admits that the Legislature is not Republican. Mr. Brownlow does not explain why a majority of the Tennessee Republicans preferred to take a course which gave the State to the Democrats. If the reason was that the Republicans preferred Democratic ascendency rather than continued disfranchisement, it was, if a mistaken, certainly not a discreditable opinion, and he ought not to have omitted to state it. Is Mr. Brownlow silent because that was not the reason, which is to be sought in personal jealousies? He would do his party friends elsewhere a great service if he would clearly and briefly explain the reason why he wished "a sound and reliable Republican" to be elected Governor by those who will not elect such a Republican Senator.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

In July 332,277 citizens of Boston—men, women, and children—availed themselves of the privileges and advantages afforded by the various public bathing-houses in that city.

The Labor Congress, recently assembled at Philadelphia, strenuously opposed the project for the introduction of coolie labor into this country. It also took the side of the Pennsylvania coal-miners as against their employers. It was proposed to organize a political party to be composed of laboring-men.

Mr. Peabody has donated $60,000 to Washington College, Virginia. General Robert E. Lee is President of that institution. This gift is alluded to in warm terms of gratitude by the Virginia papers. It is the feeling shown rather than the money given that is regarded.

It is reported that several mills in Rhode Island that manufacture print cloths will suspend operations until the new crop of cotton comes into market. At Fall River, Massachusetts, the mills producing this cloth will soon run on "short time."

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Senatus Consultum, recently presented to the French Senate, gives to the Legislature the initiative of proposing laws. It makes the Ministers dependent on the Emperor alone; but it gives to the Legislative body a much larger share in the government than it has heretofore enjoyed. The discussion of the Senatus Consultum commences August 30.

The recent advices from Cuba indicate more cheering prospects for the patriots. A strong Spanish force had been defeated between Remedios and Nuevitas by General Quesada. One hundred and eighty-two prisoners were taken. In another engagement, near Trinidad, General Jordan defeated the Spaniards, capturing fifty-six prisoners. One hundred and fifty Spaniards deserted and joined the Cubans. It is reported that the Spanish volunteers are treating Captain-General De Rodas as they formerly treated Dulce, and it is supposed that De Rodas will resign.

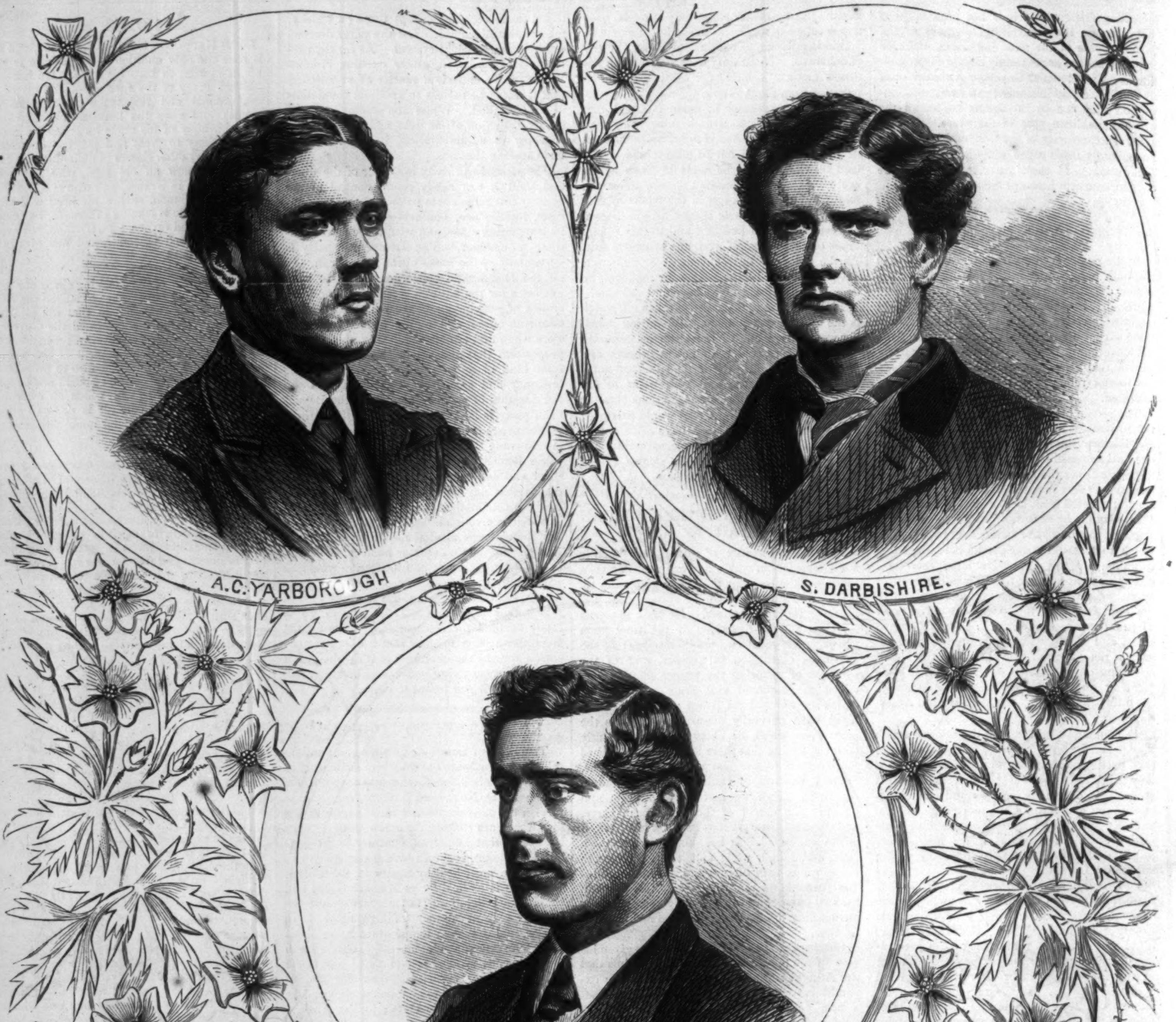
A complete reconciliation has been effected between the Sultan and the Viceroy of Egypt. The English and French Consuls at Alexandria have congratulated the Viceroy on the termination of his difficulties with the Porte.

The Rome correspondent of the Prussian *Cross Gazette* asserts that the late Syllabus of the Pope will form the chief subject of the deliberations of the Œcumenical Council. The paragraphs concerning the relations of the Church and State will be modified, and probably intensified. The dogmas of the infallibility of the Pope and the spiritual and corporeal assumption of the Virgin will be promulgated. The Holy Father has expressed his regret that no Schismatic or Protestant bishop has offered to take part in the Council.

Thirteen hundred stores and three hundred dwelling-houses have been destroyed by fire in the town of Janina, Turkey.

Thomas Hughes—the well-known "Tom Brown"—of Rugby, has been chosen referee in the international boat-race between the Oxford and Harvard crews.

General Lebœuf has been appointed Minister of War to succeed Marshal Niel deceased.


A. C. YARBOROUGH
S. DARBISHIRE
J. C. TINNE.
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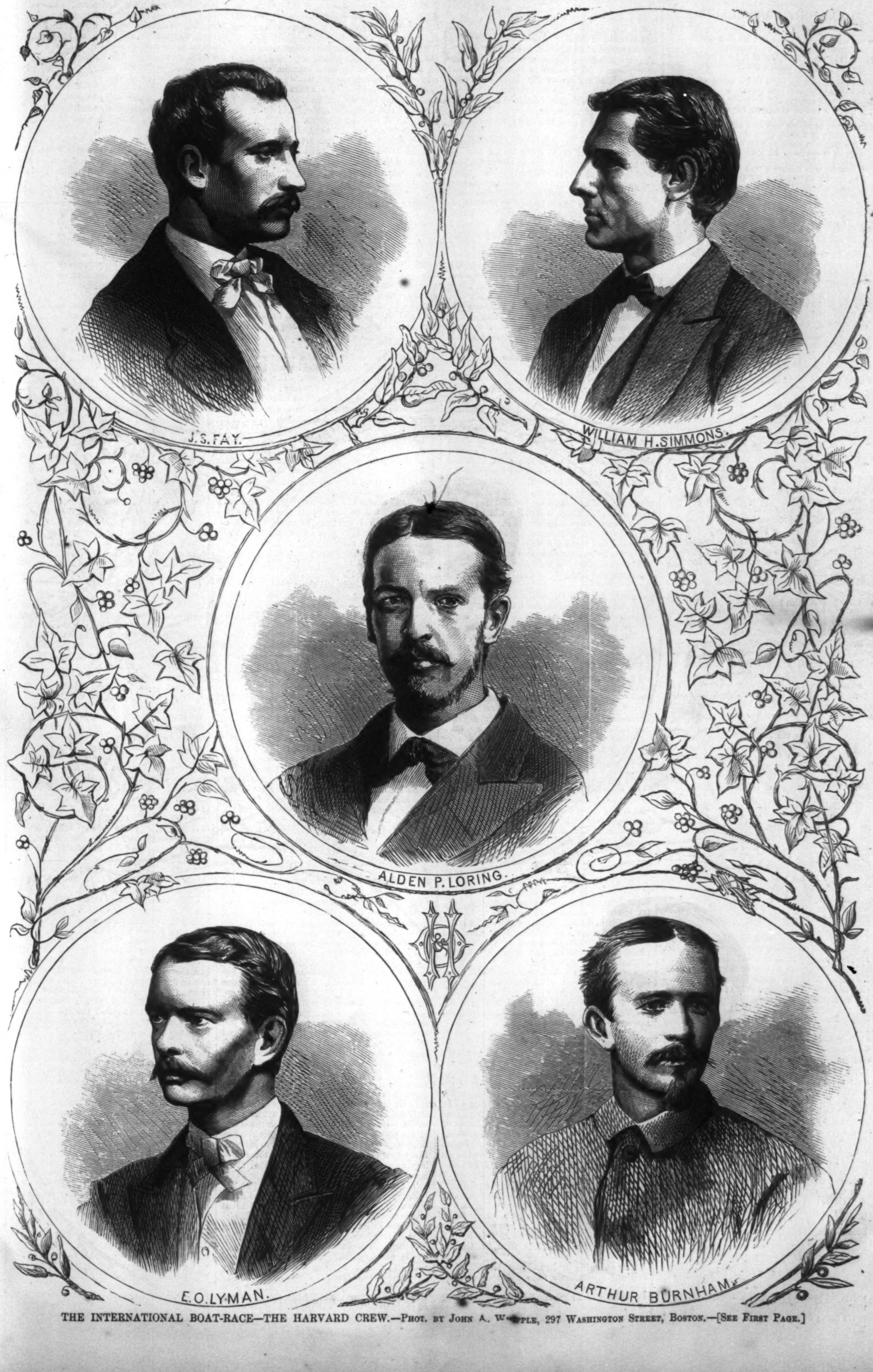
&
C
F. WILLAN.
J. HALL.

THE INTERNATIONAL BOAT-RACE—THE OXFORD CREW.—[See First Page.]



J. S. FAY.

WILLIAM H. SIMMONS.

ALDEN P. LORING.

E. O. LYMAN.

ARTHUR BURNHAM.

THE INTERNATIONAL BOAT-RACE—THE HARVARD CREW.—Phot. by John A. W[illegible]ple, 297 Washington Street, Boston.—[See First Page.]

OUR NEW CURRICULUM.

AS TOM SEES IT.

A fig for your Latin, and less for your Greek,
  No longer with Euclid we'll tussle;
The pets of the "Varsities" now, for a week,
  Are the boys who exhibit the muscle.

Of all the formations, since Chaos was drowned,
  As marked by geologists grave,
The very best stratum that ever was found
  Is the new one of wherry on wave.

The student of nature may dive after fish,
  If he likes, in the depths of the sea;
But the chap who just covers his blade with a swish,
  Why, he is the joker for me.

The chemist who catches a crab in his boat,
  And throws a precipitate there;
By "pons asinorum" he never can float,
  Nor pass the professional chair.

The sage engineer, with his sector and square,
  May study his best to begin it,
But he can't find a power with his to compare,
  Who can go forty-eight to the minute.

Hurrah for the steersman that pulls with a will,
  Hurrah for the rest of the crew!
And good-by to Loomis, and Anthon, and Mill,
  Old codgers, it's all up with you.

A fig for your Latin, and less for your Greek,
  No longer with Euclid we'll tussle;
The pets of the "Varsities" now, for a week,
  Are the boys who exhibit the muscle!

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In Five Books.—Book I.

CHAPTER I.

A NEW VICAR FOR SHIPLEY.

THE Church Intelligence announced one day, much to the fluttering of the village of Shipley, and also to the fluttering of some disappointed hearts in clerical breasts, that the Reverend Charles Levincourt was presented to the vacant living of Shipley-in-the-Wold.

The Reverend Charles Levincourt was presented to the living of Shipley-in-the-Wold by Sir William Delaney, to whose only son he had been tutor.

Sir William had always expressed his sense of obligation to Mr. Levincourt for the unremitting and judicious care he had bestowed on his son James's education. The young man was sickly in body and inert in mind; nevertheless he had passed through his university career in a fairly creditable manner. This was mainly owing, as every one admitted, to his tutor's talents and zeal. Therefore when the not very lucrative living of Shipley fell vacant, it was the most natural thing in the world that Sir William should bestow it on a gentleman for whose services he professed himself sincerely grateful. But neither Shipley-in-the-Wold nor the world out of the Wold by any means understood the mainspring of this sincere gratitude.

James was the baronet's only son, but Sir William was also the father of two daughters. While the elder of these young ladies—Hilda—was going through the gayeties of a London season (at the end of which she became Lady Tallis), Clara—a girl of seventeen—was quietly falling in love with her brother's tutor in the country.

The Delaneys were Irish people. They lived chiefly at the place which bore their family name—an estate called Delaney Park in the South of Ireland. James passed the long vacation at home, and Mr. Levincourt came with him. Clara was a delicate, shy, sweet-natured creature; motherless, and more innocent of worldliness in her eighteenth year than many a precocious inmate of a Belgravian nursery.

Charles Levincourt loved her better than he was destined ever to love another human being. But he "behaved admirably," Sir William always declared.

How? Well, in a word, he went abroad with a rich minor to whose guardians Sir William Delaney warmly recommended his son's tutor.

Before two years were over the family at Delaney Park learned that Mr. Levincourt was married in Italy, to a foreign lady of great beauty, but no fortune.

Soon afterward Clara yielded to her father's solicitations, and accepted the hand of Sidney Power Desmond, Esquire, of Desmond Court, County Cork: a gentleman of good family, whose estate adjoined her father's. On his second daughter's wedding morning, Sir William wrote to Charles Levincourt, promising him the next presentation, then likely to fall in very shortly, to the English living of Shipley-in-the-Wold. No one save her father knew that it was Clara who had asked and obtained this boon.

But she had said to Sir William in her quiet sweet voice, "Papa, James had a letter the other day from Mr. Levincourt. He has not succeeded in getting appointed to the foreign chaplaincy he was trying for. His wife has just had a little girl. I am afraid they are very poor. I wish you would promise him the next presentation to Shipley. You could not do better. He *is* so clever and so learned, and—and he was very good to James, papa dear."

In this way the Reverend Charles Levincourt became vicar of Shipley-in-the-Wold.

CHAPTER II.

SHIPLEY VICARAGE.

THE small and obscure village of Shipley-in-the-Wold stands in one of the westernmost of the midland counties.

Its name was given in days before the whole of that part of England had been marked by the plow and spade, like a page by the tracings of a pen. Generation after generation has left its sign-manual on the face of the land: each writing the record of its labors in straight furrows on many a fertile field: furrows effaced and changed and renewed, from season to season, and from age to age, as are the waving ripples on a sea-side sand washed by the eternal tides.

A stretch of furze-grown common is, perhaps, the only remnant of that characteristic aspect of the country which gave Shipley its distinctive appellation.

There are wide, flat meadows all round about it, where herds of cattle graze on the dew-fed grass. The principal farms in the immediate neighborhood of Shipley-in-the-Wold are grazing farms. All the land is flat and monotonous as far as the eye can see: save to the westward, where the horizon line is broken by a range of low turf-covered hills, called by the inhabitants of those parts emphatically "*the* Hills." Behind "the Hills" lies another Shipley; Shipley Magna, a tiny market-town.

If it could be reached by a direct line cut through one swelling green mound, Shipley Magna would not be more than two or three miles distant from Shipley-in-the-Wold. But the road winds about and over the hills; and it is six miles from the village to the town. Southward the landscape grows prettier and more smiling. There are trees, and there is arable land where, in summer, wide fields of sun-burnt grain wave, and rock, and change color in the breeze, as a face pales or flushes at a sudden whisper.

But Shipley-in-the-Wold only beholds these things from afar. The stretch of furze-grown common already mentioned, and beyond that a considerable extent of oozy marshland separate it from the smiling southern country.

In the winter season bleak winds sweep scythe-winged over Shipley; the snow lies deep about it; and often a single track of hoofs, and wheels, and feet may be traced in long black lines and uncouth dots, for miles across the otherwise unbroken whiteness of the level.

The village straggles over a considerable extent of ground, but its houses are few and its population is scanty. There is nothing which can be called a main street belonging to it.

The dwellings stand scattered irregularly; here a cottage, and there a cottage, and each one is set within its own little patch of kitchen-garden.

The place is remote from any great centre of commerce and activity. No railway passes near it.

Twenty miles to the southward, among the trees and the corn-fields, lies the cathedral city of Danecester; with its bishop, and its dean, and its minster, and many other civilizing and excellent institutions. But Danecester is, after all, but a silent, sleepy, old-fashioned city; and it wots little, and cares less, about poor little Shipley out on the bleak, wind-swept flats.

There is a very ancient church in Shipley: a low-roofed, stone church with round arches, pillars of disproportionate thickness, and a square, squat tower. It has a deep porch, to enter which you descend two steps from the grave-yard. The laboring centuries have piled their dust high around the massive masonry of St. Gildas's church, and the level of the outside earth is considerably above that of the stone pavement within the little temple.

The grave-yard is inclosed by a low wall, and its gateway is a relic of antiquity coeval with the church itself. The said gateway is of hewn stone, with a projecting pent-house roof, and beneath it on one side is a large stone slab, cracked, weather-stained, and half sunk into the earth. Here, in the old time, the coffin-bearers were wont to set down their burden, and a preliminary prayer for the dead was said before entering the church-yard.

There is no beauty in St. Gildas's grave-yard. It lies defenseless and exposed to every wild northeasterly gale that sweeps over the flats. Its clustered mounds are turf-grown. Sheep graze there sometimes in summer. The few grave-stones, as yet undefaced by time and weather, bear humble names of yeomen and peasants, born, living, and dying at Shipley, generation after generation.

There are some rank flaunting marigolds growing beside the porch, and a sickly-hued chrysanthemum raises its head to peer over the low rough wall of the grave-yard. Other growth, save nettles, dock leaves, and dank, shadow-loving, nameless weeds, there is none.

Hard by the church stands the vicarage house. It is a lonely dwelling. There is no habitation of any kind within a mile of it: none above the rank of a peasant's cottage within two miles.

Shipley vicarage is either not old enough or too old to be picturesque. It was built in the middle of what may be termed, emphatically, the ugly age; the period, namely, during which the four Georges successively occupied the throne of these realms. It is a nearly square house of yellowish-brown brick. Its rooms are oblong and rectangular, its windows mean, its staircases narrow. There is no break or relief in the flat wall-surfaces, nor in the blank desert of the white-washed ceilings.

Behind the house extends a large garden, the high wall of which skirts a by-lane branching from the main high-road to Shipley Magna. In front is a lawn, cut in two by a long, straight gravel path that leads from an iron wicket in the box hedge up to the hall-door. This lawn is only divided by a paddock from St. Gildas's church-yard.

Two quivering poplars whisper to each other, and nod mysteriously from either side of the iron gate: and the windows of the lower rooms in the front of the house are darkened by clumps of evergreens, among which an old yew-tree rises gloomily conspicuous.

The vicarage faces due south, and looks across the common and the marsh to where tufty woodlands break the level and hide the distant spires of Danecester.

The Reverend Charles Levincourt, vicar of St. Gildas, arrived to take possession of his new home on a dreary day in the latter autumn, when the rain dripped sadly from the sombre evergreens, and low, lead-colored clouds were melting into slant showers over the common.

"It is not a hopeful scene," said he, as he looked about him and shivered.

He afterward saw the scene under a countless variety of aspects; but that first dispiriting impression of Shipley struck the key-note of the place, and became an abiding under-tone, sounding through all subsequent changes.

CHAPTER III.

A WARD.

MR. LEVINCOURT had been established some years at Shipley, when one day he received a letter from the junior partner in a London firm of solicitors, Frost and Lovegrove, informing him that he (the Reverend Charles Levincourt, vicar of Shipley-in-the-Wold) had been appointed co-executor with the writer (Augustus Lovegrove) of the will of the late Mrs. Desmond, relict of Sidney Power Desmond, Esquire, formerly of Desmond Court, county Cork; and further requesting the vicar's presence in town as soon as might be.

Communication between the country clergyman and the family of his old pupil had long since worn away and died out. The old pupil himself had died, at five-and-twenty; his sorrowing father had not long survived him; and this was the first intimation Charles Levincourt received of the widowhood and death of his old love.

He journeyed without delay to London, and saw Mr. Lovegrove. The latter informed him that their joint responsibility, as regarded the administration of Mrs. Desmond's will, would not be an onerous one: the property she had had to leave being very small.

"But," added the solicitor, "your share of the business will be more troublesome. Here is a letter which I solemnly promised our poor friend to deliver into your own hand. She informed me of its main object. It is to request you to undertake the guardianship of her daughter."

"Her daughter?"

"Yes; a nice little girl about nine years old. The only surviving child of a large family. But I thought you knew all the circumstances. You were one of Mrs. Desmond's oldest friends, were you not?"

"I—I—yes; I was a friend of Mrs. Desmond's family many years ago. But Time flies away very fast, and many things fly with him. Was not Mr. Desmond wealthy? I had always understood so."

"My dear Sir, Sidney Power Desmond ran through a fine fortune, and sent his paternal acres to the hammer. I saw a good deal of him, and of her too, at one time, when I was professionally engaged in 'winding up his affairs,' as he would persist in calling it. A tangled skein that refused to be wound, I can tell you. Mrs. Desmond was a sweet woman. She had a bad life of it, I'm afraid. Not that he treated her ill. He was fond of her, in his way. But he shook her children's inheritance away out of the dice-box, and then he died, several years later than he ought to have done for the welfare of his family."

The vicar declined Mr. Lovegrove's proffered hospitality, and went back to his dingy hotel chamber to read Clara's letter in solitude.

The letter was short and simple. It appealed to him, on the ground of old friendship, not to decline the trust imposed on him.

"My husband's relatives," thus it ran, "have long been estranged from us. Papa and poor James are dead, and distant cousins who know little and care less about me or mine, possess my old home. My sister, Lady Tallis, is childless, and she would gladly adopt my little one, and would, I well know, be tender and kind to the orphan. But her unhappy domestic circumstances render this impossible. Neither, to say truth, is Hilda's husband a man beneath whose roof I should like my daughter to be brought up, even were he willing to permit it. Hilda has her own troubles. I mention these things, not in any spirit of bitterness, but simply that you may understand how utterly friendless my Maud will be when I am gone; for I know her helplessness will appeal strongly to your kind heart."

The letter was commonplace and prosaic enough in form and expression; but to Charles Levincourt, sitting there with the sheet of folded paper in his hand, and thinking of the dead woman he once loved so well, there was both pathos and eloquence in the sharply written characters. He mused long and sadly on the events of the past years that had so strangely resulted in giving Clara's only surviving child to his care. But whatsoever reflections or regrets these musings awakened in his mind he imparted to no one.

The next day the vicar returned to Shipley, bringing with him a new inmate to the vicarage house. The little orphan was kindly received by the mistress of her new home. Mrs. Levincourt was an Italian by birth. Her mother had been an Englishwoman, her father a Neapolitan. She had lived abroad all her life until her marriage; was very uneducated, very frivolous, and very beautiful. She had perhaps as small a share of imagination as ever fell to the lot of a human being. The self-confidence arising from this total inability to conceive another person's point of view, to *imagine*, in short, how others might feel or think, was a power which carried her triumphantly over many difficulties. She would reply to an argument or a remonstrance by some irrelevant platitude which made her husband tingle with shame, but which, to her apprehension, was entirely convincing. On the whole, however, she did her duty well (as far as she understood it) by the little stray lamb brought into her fold. Gentle it was not in Stella Levincourt's nature to be, but she was kind and attentive to the child's bodily requirements. Mrs. Levincourt's first impression of the little girl she confided to her husband on the night of his return from London.

"I have put her to bed in a crib in Veronica's room, Charles. She is a quiet, docile child enough. But oh, caro mio, what a stolid little thing! Just lost her mother, and as cool and as calm as possible!"

The vicar remembered the child's quivering lip, pale cheek, and anxious, yearning look into the strange faces that had surrounded her; and he made answer, "Maud is quiet, but I think not stolid, my dear."

"She is English, English, English to the bone!" retorted Mrs. Levincourt, shrugging her graceful shoulders. "Only figure to yourself if I were to die, Veronica—but then our darling is so sensitive!"

In Charles Levincourt's mind there arose a vision of a sweet, pale, girlish face, which he had last seen gazing after the coach that carried him away from Delaney Park forever. And the vision, from some unexplained cause, stung him into the utterance of a sarcastic speech. He had long ago ceased to use sarcasm or irony habitually in talking with his wife.

"I have no doubt, my dear," said he, "that if Veronica were suffering in mind or body she would take care that every one around her should suffer too."

"*That* she would, poverina!" exclaimed Stella, energetically.

When little Maud Desmond came to live at the vicarage she was nine years old, and Veronica, the vicar's only child, was eleven. After a short time the two little girls were sent to school at Danecester. Veronica had hitherto refused to go from home, and her refusal had sufficed to prevent her going. Her mother indulged her and worshiped her with a blind devotion, which was repaid (as such devotion often is) by a mingling of fondness, disdain, and tyranny.

But now that Maud was to go to school Veronica declared that she would accompany her; and she did so. And between their home and the quiet Danecester school the two girls passed several years of their lives.

During the long Midsummer holidays they rambled over the common at Shipley-in-the-Wold, or rode about the country lanes on a rough pony provided for their joint use. In the winter time they would steal into the kitchen of an evening, and coax old Joanna the cook to tell them some of her quaint country legends, or stories of ghosts and runaway marriages, and mysterious warnings, which were supposed to be the exclusive (and one would think unenviable) privileges of sundry ancient county families in whose service Joanna had lived.

Or else they would sit in the gloaming at Mrs. Levincourt's knee and listen to her tales of the brilliant life she had led in Florence, the gayety, the brightness, the company! The balls at the Pitti and at the noble mansions of the Principessa della Scatola da Salsa and the dowager Countess Civetta, and the Russian lady, whose exact rank was not known, but who was supposed to be the wife of a hospodar. Only she and the hospodar did not agree, and so they lived apart; and they met once a year in Paris, and were admirably polite to each other; and the hospodaress allowed the hospodar several millions of rubles per annum to stay away from her; and she had a necklace of emeralds as big, very nearly, as pigeons' eggs; and she smoked the very finest tobacco extant, and she was altogether a most charming person.

These narratives, and many more, did Maud and Veronica greedily devour. Maud believed them with the same sort of good faith with which she threw herself into Aladdin, or the exquisite fancies of Undine. She was willing to accept the Russian lady, pigeons'-egg emeralds and all.

Such people might exist—did, no doubt, but in a far-off way, altogether out of her sphere. She no more expected to meet such an individual hung with chains of barbaric splendor, and puffing forth clouds of incense from an amber pipe, than she anticipated the appearance of a geni twenty feet high, when she rubbed her little turquoise ring to keep it bright.

Veronica, however, being two years older, and owning a different turn of mind, looked at matters in a much more practical light.

"And did you go to balls nearly every night, mamma? And did you wear white dresses with short sleeves, and have flowers in your hair? Oh, how beautiful you must have looked!"

"I was never half so handsome as thou, tesoro mio," the fond mother would reply.

"When I am grown up I won't stay at Shipley."

That was the burden of the song, the moral of the story, the issue of it all, for Veronica.

On the whole the family at the vicarage led an isolated life, and the tone of thought and feeling that pervaded their home was very singularly at odds with the general notion of their neighbors as to what was becoming in the household of a clergyman.

In the first place, Mr. Levincourt was entirely devoid of the least tincture of what may, without offense, be called professional parsonism. It is by no means asserted that he was altogether the better for having no such tincture. Men are naturally and legitimately influenced in their outward bearing by the nature of their calling in life. The work which a man does heartily, earnestly, and constantly, will most assuredly communicate a certain bent to his mind, and even a certain aspect to his body. But the work which a man does grudgingly, without thoroughness and faith, will be to him as irksome as an ill-fitting garment, and will, like such a garment, be laid aside and put out of sight altogether, whensoever its wearer can get rid of it.

People did not get intimate at the vicarage. The neighborhood was but sparsely peopled with families of the rank of gentlefolks. Without the command of some vehicle, visiting was out of the question.

At first Mrs. Levincourt had gone out rather frequently to formal dinner-parties at great dull country houses, and also to some country houses that were not dull. The hosts sent their carriages for the vicar and his wife, if they lived at a great distance from Shipley. Or a lumbering old chaise was hired from the Crown at Shipley Magna.

But gradually such intercourse dropped. Mrs. Levincourt was not strong. Mrs. Levincourt did not care for dinner-parties. Mrs. Levincourt had her little girl to attend to. The fact was, that Stella liked society, and she was by no means conscious of the surprise which her sayings and doings were apt to excite among the Daneshire magnates. But her husband was very thoroughly conscious of it. And, as the only kind of visiting they could have afforded *him* no amusement, their life became more and more secluded.

When the two girls were aged respectively seventeen and fifteen Mrs. Levincourt died, and then Veronica returned home to "take charge," as they said, of her father's house.

Maud also came back to Shipley vicarage, having "completed her education;" in other words, having learned all that they could teach her at the Danecester school.

For two years Veronica reigned mistress of her father's household. Perhaps the burden of the song, Veronica being nineteen, had only so far changed as to run thus: "Now that I *am* grown up, I won't stay at Shipley."

We shall see.

CHAPTER IV.

AN ACCIDENT.

SOME subtle influence—a sight, or sound, or smell—touched the long-drawn links of association in the vicar's mind as he stood at his own door one February afternoon, and made him remember that dreary autumn day on which he had first seen Shipley.

His thought flashed back along the past years, as the electric spark thrills through a long chain of clasping hands.

"Poor Stella!" he said, half aloud.

Mr. Levincourt was apt to spend a good deal of his available store of compassion on himself. But there is no more effectual check to the indulgence of our own failings and weaknesses than the exaggerated manifestation of the same defect in another. That which in us is only a reasonable and well-grounded dissatisfaction, becomes mere selfish unjustifiable repining in our neighbors.

So long as his wife lived, therefore, Mr. Levincourt was shamed by her loud and frivolous complainings from expressing one-half the distaste he really felt for his life at Shipley-in-the-Wold, although he had secretly deemed his wife far less entitled to pity than he was, whose qualities of mind and refinement of education enabled him to understand much better what he had lost in being thus buried alive at Shipley.

But Stella Levincourt, born Barletti, slept in St. Gildas's grave-yard, and a white tablet glimmering out of the gloomiest corner in the dark little church bore an inscription to her memory. And since her death he had occasionally felt much retrospective sympathy with his wife.

"Poor Stella!" he said again; and, shutting the door behind him, he walked down the gravel pathway, passed through the iron wicket, crossed the paddock, and proceeded thus through St. Gildas's church-yard toward the village.

It was not a day to loiter in. It had snowed a good deal the previous night, but since ten o'clock that morning a steady thaw had set in. The roads were deep in mud, whose chill penetrated the stoutest shoe-leather. An ice-cold dew seemed to exude from every thing one touched, and the sky spread a lead-colored canopy from horizon to zenith.

Mr. Levincourt made for the school-house. This was a bare lath-and-plaster building, erected at the cost of the late vicar to serve as a Sunday-school. The present incumbent, while adhering to its founder's first intention, had found an additional use for the whitewashed school-room. It served, namely, as a place for the choir of St. Gildas to practice in.

Before Mr. Levincourt's day the music at divine service in St. Gildas consisted solely of portions of Tate and Brady, bawled or snuffled out in monotonous dissonance. Mr. Levincourt's refined and critical ear suffered many a shock from his congregation's strenuously uplifted voices. He resolved to amend the singing, and flattered himself that he would find support and encouragement in this undertaking. But folks were as loth to be amended in Shipley as in most other places; and Mr. Levincourt's first attempts to teach them harmony resulted in discord dire.

By degrees he lowered his pretensions. He had begun with high-flown ideas of foreign mass-music adapted to English words. Then, some of the simpler compositions of our English cathedral writers were attempted. At length he resolved to be satisfied with Martin Luther's Hymn, and Adeste Fideles, sung in parts. Things began to go better. The younger generation, trained to some knowledge of music, became capable of succeeding in such modest attempts as these. Nor was it, indeed, from the younger generation that the great difficulties had arisen. Farmer Meggitt, and Farmer Sack, and other middle-aged farmers and graziers, could not be got to understand that it behooved them to be passive listeners to the music during service.

"What do ye mean then, by 'Let us sing to the praise—?' Let *us*," Farmer Meggitt said *oos*, "sing! Not 'let the little lads and wenches in the organ-loft, sing to the praise!' Parson Levincourt's on a wrong tack altogether. And as to his new-fangled tunes—why they're Popish; that's what they are: and I don't care who hears me say so!"

The implied slight to Farmer Meggitt's vocal abilities made him very Protestant indeed. And the charge of Popery against Mr. Levincourt was supposed to be a very colorable and serious one, seeing that he had a foreign wife.

However, Time went on in his task of turning "new-fangled" things into old-fangled. And the congregation of St. Gildas had long grown very proud of their singing. Miss Desmond had a class of village children to whom she taught some of the mysteries contained in the queer black-headed hieroglyphics on the musical staff; and the choir met to practice every Saturday afternoon. And on this one special Saturday afternoon in February, Mr. Levincourt having floundered through the thick mud of the lane, arrived at the school-house door, turned the handle, and walked in, when the practicing was just over.

The children were making ready to troop out. Some of the little boys, uneasy under the stern glance of Mr. Mugworthy, the parish clerk, still sat on the wooden benches, from which their corduroy-clad legs dangled and swung, as unrestingly as the pendulum of the big white-faced clock that ticked away the hours above the door.

At a little deal-cased harmonium sat Herbert Snowe, the son of a rich Danecester banker. This young gentleman had been educated in Germany, where he had caught a taste for music. His dilettanteism was strong enough to induce him to make the journey from Danecester nearly every week, in order to supply, at the Saturday rehearsals, the place of the professional organist, who was only engaged to come to Shipley for the Sunday services.

Not far from him stood Mr. Plew, the village doctor, talking to the vicar's daughter. Mr. Plew had the meekest and weakest of high tenor voices, and gave the choir the benefit of his assistance whenever his professional avocations would permit him to do so.

Then there were Kitty and Cissy Meggitt, with their governess, Miss Turtle. Mrs. Meggitt was of an aspiring nature, and had prevailed on her husband to engage a "real lady" to teach her girls manners. Farmer Meggitt paid the "real lady" five-and-twenty pounds per annum, and he thought in his heart that it was an exorbitantly high price for the article.

Then there were Captain and Mrs. Sheardown, of Lowater House. They did not sing; but they had come to fetch their son, Master Bobby Sheardown, who sat on a high school-bench among the "trebles."

Lastly, there was Maud Desmond.

"Good-evening," said the vicar, walking into the room.

Immediately there was a shuffling and scraping of feet. Every boy slid down from his bench, and drew each one a hob-nailed boot noisily over the bare floor in homage, raising at the same time a bunch of sun-burnt knuckles to his forehead. The little girls ducked down convulsively, the smaller ones assisting themselves to rise again with an odd struggling movement of the elbow.

This was the ceremony of salutation to a superior among the rustic youth of Shipley.

"How have you been getting on, Herbert?" said Mr. Levincourt. "How do you do, Mrs. Sheardown? Captain, when I saw that the West Daneshire were to meet at Hammick, I scarcely expected to have the pleasure of seeing you this evening!"

"No; I didn't hunt to-day," answered the captain.

Captain Sheardown was a broad-shouldered man of some five-and-fifty years of age. His bluff face was fringed with white whiskers. His eyes were surrounded by a net-work of fine lines that looked as though they had been graven on the firm skin by an etching-needle, and he generally stood with his legs somewhat wide apart, as one who is balancing himself on an unsteady surface.

The gentlemen gathered together into a knot by themselves while they waited for the ladies to put on their warm shawls and cloaks.

"I wonder what sort of a run they had with the West Daneshire?" said Herbert Snowe.

"I heard, Sir, as there were a accident on the field," said Mr. Mugworthy, who had edged himself near to the group of gentlemen.

"An accident!" repeated the vicar. "What was it? Nothing serious, I trust?"

"No, Sir; from what I can reap out of the rumor of the boy, Sack, it warn't a very serious accident. Jemmy Sack, he seen it, Sir. It happened close up by his father's farm."

"Sack's farm, eh?" said Captain Sheardown. "Why that's at Haymoor!"

"Well, Sir, it is," rejoined Mr. Mugworthy, after a moment's pause, as though he had been casting about in his mind for some reasonable means of contradicting the statement, but finding none, was resolved to be candid, and make a clean breast of it. "It is, Sir, at Haymoor, is Sack's farm. I can't say no otherways."

"Whew!" whistled the captain. "Who'd have thought of a fox out of the Hammick cover making for Haymoor! With the wind as it is, too—and as it has been all day."

"Why shouldn't he?" asked Herbert Snowe, whose foreign education had left him lamentably ignorant on certain matters of which Captain Sheardown conceived that an English gentleman ought to know a good deal.

"Why shouldn't he?" echoed the captain, screwing up his eyes and mouth into an expression of comical vexation, and thereby deepening the finely-graven lines before mentioned. "Why shouldn't he? Bless my soul, Herbert! Because a fox going from Hammick to Haymoor to-day must have run straight up wind the whole time! That's why. Why shouldn't he? Tshah!"

"A dog-fox, Sir," put in Mugworthy, solemnly, "*will* sometimes run up wind at this time of the year when he's agoing home, Sir."

"Well, well," said the vicar, with the slightest possible air of contempt for the whole subject: "we will suppose that this was a Haymoor fox, who had been visiting his relations at Hammick. But about the accident, Mugworthy?"

"Jemmy Sack, he seen it, Sir. Come up here, Jemmy, and tell his reverence about the gentleman as was precipitated off of his horse alongside of the five-acre field."

Jemmy Sack, a lank lad of thirteen, came and stood before the vicar, and with many writhings, and in agonies of bashfulness, delivered himself of his story.

The story simply amounted to his having seen a gentleman flung from his horse with a good deal of violence. The others had ridden on, either not seeing or not heeding. After a while the gentleman's servant had galloped up to his assistance. The gentleman had risen and mounted again: but not the same horse. He took the beast that his servant had been riding, and sent the groom away with the animal that had thrown him. The gentlemen had then ridden after the rest of the hunt toward Upper Haymoor.

"Ah! Well, there was not much harm done, I'm happy to find. If the gentleman went on following the hounds he could not have been much hurt," said the vicar. "You didn't know the gentleman by sight, Jemmy, did you?"

Jemmy did not know the gentleman's name; but he knowed that he was a-staying at the Crown Inn, Shipley Magna, and that he had four horses in the stables there, and that the people said as he was a friend of Lord George Segrave's, him as had taken Hammick Lodge for the hunting season. And Jemmy, becoming accustomed to the sound of his own voice addressing gentlefolks, and finding himself listened to, began to grow loquacious and to volunteer his opinion that the gentleman had a-got a oogly spill, for he turned welly green and seemed all queer in his head like. But he was a good plucked 'un, for he would go on a-horseback again, and he (Jemmy) had run nigh enough to hear him a-cussin' and a-swearin' at the groom like foon.

In fact so loquacious and graphic in his narrative did Jemmy become that Mugworthy peremptorily ordered him to hold his tongue and begone with the other lads.

The boys shuffled out, glad to be released, and were presently heard whooping down the lane after the manner of their kind.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

WHEN the visitor at Saratoga begins to weary of the set routine of drinking Congress water in the morning, and driving over to the Lake in the afternoon, he may break the monotony by a little excursion to Lake George. We say *little*—for although weeks might be spent enjoyably in the vicinity of that lovely Lake, a rapid but pleasant trip may be made in twenty-four hours, with the loss of but one morning's draught and "constitutional," and the gain of a charming sail upon the "silvery waters."

Dine comfortably at your hotel; and about three o'clock go to the Rensselaer and Saratoga Railway Dépôt. Do not get impatient if, after having been hurried off by the hotel porter, you wait half an hour for the cars. Probably you will do so. Such, at least, was our recent experience. A ride of a little more than an hour brought us to Glen's Falls, nine miles from Caldwell. Three coaches were awaiting the arrival of the train, and gave promise of ample accommodations. Alas for our expectations! All the passengers bound to Lake George were packed into and upon a single coach, until there was not an inch of room to spare, and trunks upon trunks were fastened behind. The drive to Caldwell is said to be charming—in scenery—and so it is; but if tourists are liable to be packed like sardines in a box, we recommend—until the railroad is extended—purchasing tickets to Glen's Falls only, and taking a private carriage thence to the Lake.

Fort William Henry Hotel, the largest at Caldwell, fronts on Lake George. It contains about four hundred rooms, and the interior arrangements are fresh and elegant. The Lake House also gives pleasant accommodations at a cheap rate. A walk about the grounds, a good supper, a chatty promenade on the long piazza of the Fort William Henry, a refreshing sleep, a nice breakfast; then at eight in the morning, the pretty *Minehaha* started on her trip *down* the lake. By-the-way, it takes more than one day to learn to say *down North* without hesitation. Lake George is about 36 miles long, from 2 to 3 miles wide, and is in some places 400 feet deep. It flows north into Lake Champlain. Caldwell is at the southern end. The waters of the Lake are most marvelously clear; no wonder that trout, salmon, and other finny tribes love to linger here; and Trout Pavilion, Sheldon's Point, Bolton, etc., are favorite resorts for those who delight in fishing. The "365 islands" rise up fresh, green, and, as it were, *clean-cut* from out of the transparent depths; some quite large, others mere dots, but every one beautiful. The towering peaks of the Black Mountains encircle the Lake, their wild heights rendering the landscape most picturesque. Indeed, Lake George is a perfect gem—no flaw mars the entire completeness of its romantic and lovely beauty. A brief description can give no idea of it—it must be seen.

At the foot of the Lake we took stages, roomy and comfortable, and fine scenery and historical reminiscences made the four miles' drive to Ticonderoga short. It appears to be a part of the regular programme, when in sight of "Old Fort Ti," for the agent of the route, mounted on the wheel of one coach, to deliver a pithy little address, which causes great merriment, while the passengers gaze at the ruins.

We chanced to take passage on the *Adirondack*, a new and elegant steamer on Lake Champlain. Sailing from Ticonderoga *up* to Whitehall is a curious contrast to the trip on Lake George. The scenery is fine—the Green Mountains appear in the distance on the left, the Black range on the right; rugged cliffs sometimes loom up on either side, and then low, irregular border-lines appear; but the water has none of that peculiar clearness which marks the other lake. Flags, rushes, trees, and bushes grow up lawlessly in the very midst of it—all the more noticeable after one has just viewed the chiseled borders of that silvery sheet which in olden times was called "Horicon."

The sail had seemed only half long enough when the *Adirondack* reached Whitehall; and a car-ride of less than two hours brought us, well pleased with the trip, back to Saratoga.

The University Courses of Instruction at Harvard for the current year will be given to competent persons, "men and women," according to the advertisement. The idea is good. The lessons of the course are to be given by such men as Professors Bowen, Hedge, Lowell, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and Mr. Howells. They will be adapted to either sex, and will doubtless be alike appreciated by both.

The Macon *Telegraph* reports that the first bale of new cotton in that State was brought to market on the twelfth of August. It weighed 498 pounds, and was to be shipped to Boston.

An Indiana barber attempted to dye a youth's mustache. Result, the total disappearance of the labial ornament. The youth brought a suit against the barber. But the barber's defense, that "the hide wouldn't hold the hair," was conclusive.

M. Lafche, a French inventor, proposes to do away with the nuisance of fresh paint in dwellings by preparing decorative paintings in shops or factories, selling the same by the yard, and pasting it on walls like paper-hangings. To prepare it he takes thin tin-foil, spreads it on glass, forming thus a smooth ground upon which he paints or colors in oil. After drying the surface is varnished, and the foil with its film is removed from the glass. When ready for hanging the wall or surface to be decorated is covered with some water-proof mixture, the new covering is cut and applied, the flexible foil allowing it to follow all the irregularities of the wall mouldings without cracking the paint film.

One of the most singular cases of insanity known is reported from the Missouri Insane Asylum. A boy only eight years old lost his reason from a blow on the head. No clothing can be kept upon him; he devours every thing—in short, is in the habit of eating up his clothing.

As a Boston merchant declined one of the new fifteen cent currency the other day, remarking to the man who tendered it that he "couldn't come that sort of thing on him," it may not be amiss to mention that the clean-looking "Fifteen Cents" now circulating moderately are genuine, and one may safely take as many as he can get—honestly.

The *Evening Mail* gives a detailed account of the swindling ticket-offices of New York. There is a law which makes it a misdemeanor, punishable with fine and imprisonment for two years, in any persons other than railroad and steamboat companies themselves and their employés, at their proper offices, to sell or issue tickets of passage on their lines, except agents, elsewhere, duly appointed and acknowledged by them. Nevertheless, there are over thirty bogus ticket-offices in this city, owned and worked by scoundrels, whose business it is to plunder unsuspecting strangers, and who do a thriving trade in spite of the police. Frauds and robberies by these sharpers are of daily occurrence, but it is a difficult and often an impossible thing for the victims to obtain any legal redress.

The far-famed "Dexter" was a few days ago driven by Mr. Bonner on the Prospect Fair Grounds in Brooklyn, making the extraordinary time of a mile in 2.23¼. This is said to be the fastest time ever made to a road wagon. Two years ago Dexter trotted a mile in a public race in 2.24 to a skeleton wagon; but on this last occasion he carried nearly a hundred pounds more than on the former, proving that he is not losing any of his powers.

A religious impostor, who pretends to be Jesus Christ, has been attracting much attention in Poland. He has chosen twelve followers, and promises to perform miracles. The Polish peasantry have been full of credulity, and the wily impostor is now turning his success into political capital.

A genuine "clam-bake" is said to be a Rhode Island "institution," and Rocky Point, not far from Newport, the special paradise of clam-bakers. The first step preparatory to the "bake" is to lay cobble-stones on the ground; next to build a huge fire upon them. When the stones are as hot as they can be the extempore oven is swept, and clams, often bushels of them, piled on the stones. The mass is then covered with sea-weed. When cooked the clams are generally eaten in an exceedingly primitive manner, with fingers instead of forks, and a mixture of melted butter and vinegar for a sauce. Hard-shell clams, if kept on their sharp edges while cooking, remain closed, and thus retain their liquor and fine flavor.

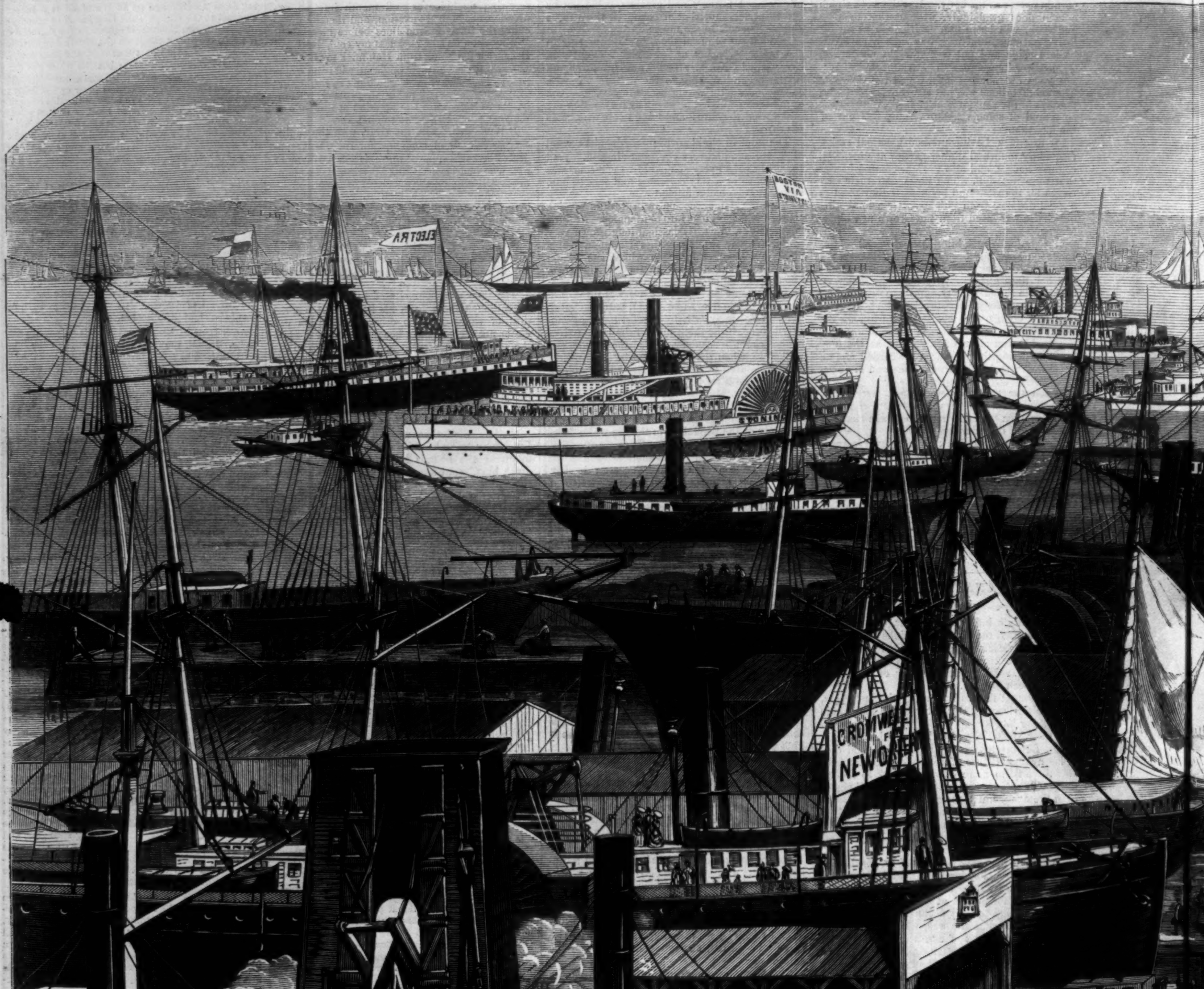
A Western merchant has broken the key of his safe, and can not get his valuables. He advertises for a burglar.

"Metallotherapia," or the cure of diseases by metals, as practiced by a physician of Paris, is the most astonishing new thing in medicine. To ascertain what metal is adapted to the case plates of gold, copper, zinc, steel, and silver are placed successively on the skin of the patient, and whichever one of these plates in a given time—say in two hours—produces the greatest smarting and redness, is chosen as the remedy fittest to cure the disease.

The biggest "bite" of the season was obtained by a young lad while fishing in the canal at Cincinnati. He cautiously drew in his line, when he found on the hook a small tin box, which he opened and found to contain $30 in silver, $40 in greenbacks, and two gold rings, worth about $10 each.

The telegraph is making progress—it is being introduced into private houses in the West in connection with a little box which contains a lettered dial with a steel pointer revolving and stopping at the letters of the message. It is much used for calling in the services of the physician.

Fire insurance in Japan is simple but effective. No paid-up capital required. The "Company" consists of the Mikado, who issues one general "policy," which he calls an edict. The chief condition of the policy is, that every person whose house catches fire *shall have his head cut off*. The losses have been very light.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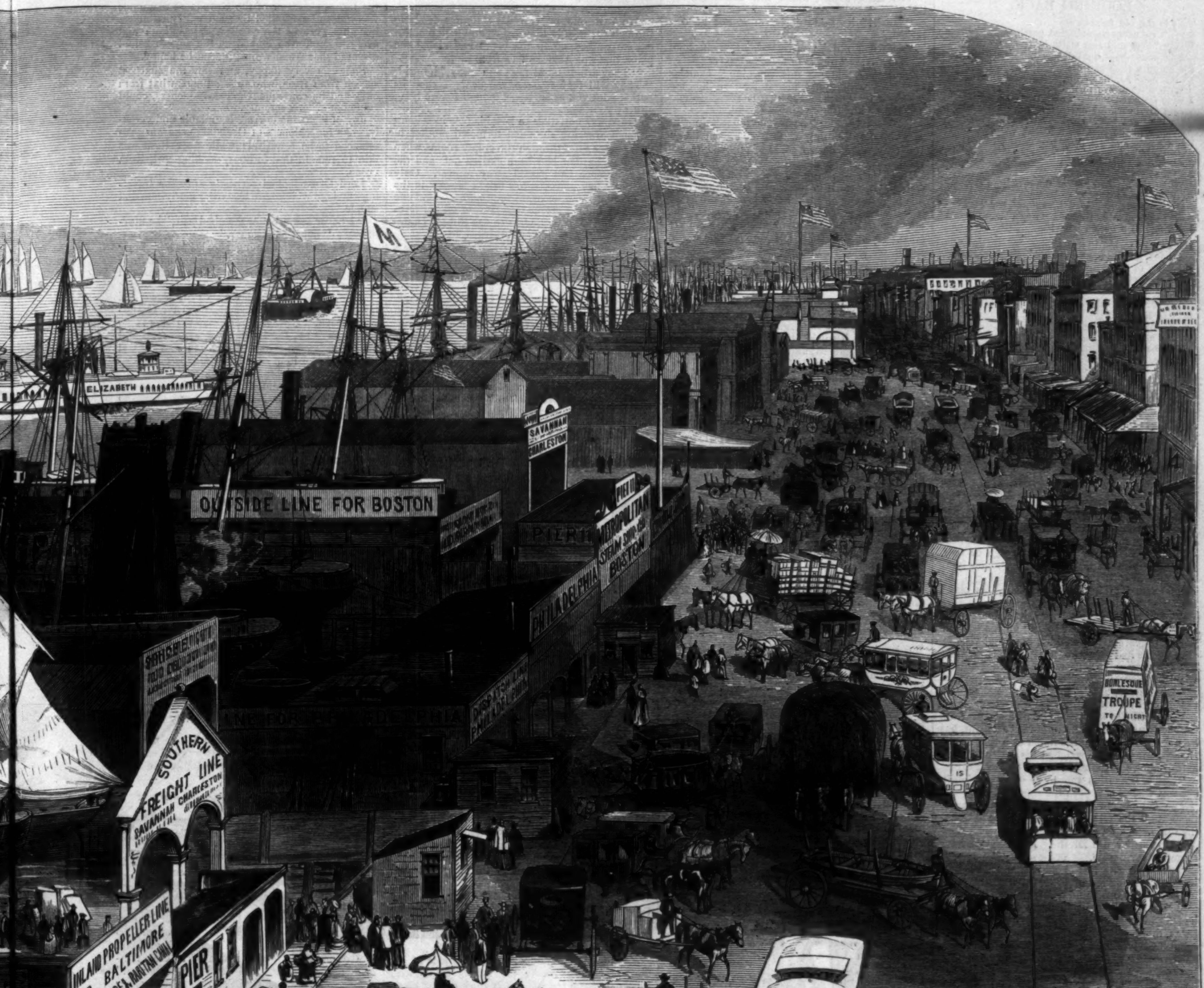
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SOUTHERN FREIGHT LINE SAVANNAH CHARLESTON
INLAND PROPELLER LINE FOR BALTIMORE VIA DELAWARE & RARITAN CANAL
PIER 7
BURLESQUE TROUPE TO NIGHT
15

CITY—VIEW FROM WEST STREET.

LOOKING BACK.

This is the old farm-house
With its deep, rose-tangled porch,
Where hover and rise white butterflies,
And honey-bees hold debauch.
Oh, many a time and oft
In the dear familiar croft,
With a lifted eye to the summer sky
I have followed the lark aloft!
And my heart, my heart, flies back
On the dead years' shadowy track,
And now in the lane, on a loaded wain,
I'm a happy and hot little boy again!

Just such a windless noon
As this, in a buried June,
When the scented hay in the meadows lay,
And the thrushes were all in tune,
On the staggering load I, exultant, rode,
And the red-faced wagoner "wey'd" and "woa'd"
Long ago in a buried June!

Days when to breathe was bliss,
Perfect, and pure, and strong;
No pulse of the heart amiss,
No beat of the brain-work wrong:
When care was a word, and love an absurd
Fabrication of story and song.

Is it so long ago,
This life of color and light?
Will it not show some after-glow
Ere the day dips into the night?
O youth, have ye left me quite?
O years, have ye dimmed my sight?
Lo! the light is shade, and the colors fade,
And the day dips into the night.

SO RUNS THE WORLD AWAY.

CHAPTER XLVI.

"FOR NOW WE SEE THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY."

When the old servant next came to ascertain if her mistress required her services, she was struck by the solemn stillness that pervaded the chamber; a stillness unbroken by sigh or wail. On going near the bed she found Douglas lying senseless over the body of the dead girl, his hand twisted in her long fair hair, his cheek resting on the little stiff hand.

"How is she?" the doctor asked, as he stood in the hall that evening, taking off his hat and gloves preparatory to making his usual visit up stairs. He had asked similar questions for these last forty years, but his wrinkled face saddened when the woman answered—

"She's gone, Sir."

"How, and when?"

We all like to know the end of a story. from the sportsman, who, from untoward accident, has been prevented seeing the finish of a run, to the Æsculapius who has watched his patient's every halt on the road to death.

"Some time this morning. I can't rightly say when, for I wasn't in the room."

The old doctor gave a sigh, and a reverent thought to the fair dead woman up stairs, and then he turned on his heel.

"No further use for me," he said; "I have some distance to go. Good-evening."

"Stop, Sir, stop!" the old woman cried, panting after him to the door of his carriage. "Whatever am I to do with *him?*"

"Him! I suppose you mean Mr. Douglas—he isn't ill, is he?"

"I don't think he is altogether in his right mind," Sally said, looking uneasily toward the open window above. "When I first went into the room, I found him lying unsensed near the body. My son, Sam, was down stairs, and I got him to come and lift the poor gentleman away, and attend to him while I dressed Miss Azalea for the last time."

"Well, now?"

"Mr. Douglas is sitting by her, and keeps stroking her hand, and talking just as if the poor thing could hear or answer him. I don't feel easy about him, Sir. I wish you'd come and look to him; perhaps you could give him something to do him good."

Dr. Randolph shook his head.

"I fear it's a case beyond me, Goody," he said. "The Great Maker will not all at once heal the wounds he thinks fit to inflict on us; however, I will come."

He entered the house again, and the two ascended the stairs with stealthy steps. Any hasty movement or violent sound would have jarred against the deep stillness of those lonely chambers.

They paused at the open door of the room where Azalea lay, and for some minutes stood in silent contemplation of the scene before them.

The time was sunset, and the face of the dead was all aglow with the red light; the fair girlish countenance wore an expression of ineffable pathos. The soft, small mouth was partly open, and drooped at the corners. The brows were slightly contracted. Azalea looked to be weary even in death. Her hands had been crossed over her bosom, but one was now displaced; the other lay on her heart as if enforcing the repose it had so desired.

"Azalea, look at me—speak to me—oh, my love! let me hear one word! Were it ever so unkind I could forgive it, just for the pleasure of hearing its sound. Why do you not speak, Azalea? Are you to be voiceless forever? What have I done against you or Heaven that I should be cursed with this horrible silence?"

The speaker was Douglas; the harsh broken voice—the wild anxious gaze—the living, suffering, mutable face was his. She whom he adjured had lain before him motionless ever since noon, neither sleeping nor waking, neither grieved nor wondering at the strangeness of her state, neither hearkening to his plaint nor seeing the misery in his eyes.

The old doctor advanced to Douglas and touched his arm.

The latter looked round with his finger uplifted.

"Hush!" he said; "she must not be disturbed."

"She can not be disturbed," the old man said, gently. "She is dead."

"So they told me this morning," Douglas answered, with a bewildered look in his big gray eyes; "but how can that be?"

Then he lifted up the lifeless hand.

"It is very odd," he murmured; "the fingers will keep closing as fast as I open them, and they seem, oh, so cold! Will you please feel her pulse?" he added, gravely.

"My dear Sir," the elder man replied, much distressed, "learn to know and bear the truth; this poor girl's pulse will never beat again."

"Perhaps you can tell me where she is," the other said. "I do not know where she can have gone. You see she is not here, or she would speak or look at me, instead of keeping her mouth fixed like that, and her eyes always staring the same way. I have fancied that I had made some mistake—that *this* might be some one else; but these are the lineaments, this is the form that was Azalea's, only the face looks strangely sad, and the flesh is shrunk. Yet if this were she, it would arise and sing, and pluck flowers in the garden, and I should hear its laugh afar off, and the sound of its running feet."

"Come with me; come away a little while," pleaded Randolph.

"Excuse me, but I can not do that," Douglas answered, courteously. "While there is any doubt about it, I must stay and watch, in case it should move, and ask for me. A little while ago," he added, musingly, "I had no doubt but that it was she; but now I almost doubt her identity. If it were she, she would certainly answer me when I entreat it so earnestly. She had a passionate temper before she grew ill; but she was never long sullen. Where do you think she is?"

"With God," Dr. Randolph said, reverently.

"You mean in Paradise; but what is she doing there, and what is Paradise? We people it with earthly symbols, doctor; we imagine harps and angelic musicians, decked with wreaths of amaranth with which

The spirits elect
Bind their resplendent locks, inwreathed with leaves.

But surely if the spirits are enshrined in earthly forms, no shape could be fairer than was Azalea's. Why should she discard her lovely features here to assume some unfamiliar aspect in Heaven? Why did she not take with her the same face that I so loved? Then I might hope to recognize it in the mighty realms of the awakened dead. How shall I know her, if she is naught but a sunshiny spirit, with lilies trailing in her hair, and clouds hiding her dear little feet? If she is in Paradise, doctor, sentient, loving, and lovable as she was on earth, would it not be kinder of them to let her cease from pulling ethereal harp-strings, and from practicing celestial harmony, and allow her to breathe down a few words of comfort to me, just to relieve my troubled heart? Oh, Azalea! my darling, be merciful; speak one word to me to lighten the great darkness of my soul. It is the uncertainty that maddens me."

"Will you come away, just for a few minutes?" Dr. Randolph said, earnestly.

"Why should I come away?" Douglas asked, fiercely. "What is there I should come for? The problem is *here.*"

"At least, drink this."

"I would rather not go to sleep," shrinking from him, and looking suspiciously at the proffered draught. "It would be worse to go to sleep, and forget what she has become. What troubles me, doctor, is, that it is all so terribly unmeaning. Her eyes used to be rife with expression, and now they are dim and vacuous; her hands used to be so dainty and clever, and now they lie as helpless as if they were made of marble; her feet were so quick, but they have remained in the same place for six long hours."

He seized hold of her hand and placed it on his forehead.

"Once when I had a headache," he continued, "you put your cool hand here, and the touch was a heavenly balm which cured me; now your fingers are very heavy. I fear they won't make me better. They are more like the leaden weight which is to drag me down to hell."

"You *must* drink this!" Dr. Randolph said, authoritatively. "Azalea wishes it."

"If she wishes it, she can't be quite gone away," Douglas muttered. "I'll take it, darling, if it were hell's own fire."

He swallowed the draught, and the old doctor gave a long-drawn sigh of relief.

"I will call again in a little while," he whispered to Sally, "and we will get him to bed if possible."

Then he went down stairs moralizing.

"Had it been a woman, she would have wept away half her grief by this time. Being a man, he has pressure on the brain, poor fellow! I wonder if he'll pull through."

When Douglas was once more left alone with the dead girl he bent over her and whispered in her waxen ear,

"I love you, Azalea, I love you."

And when, after some hours of heavy slumber, produced by the opiate he had taken, he awoke to find himself in another chamber, he arose, and staggered mechanically to the familiar room where the dead lay, calling,

"Azalea! where are you, Azalea?"

CHAPTER XLVII.

"The rest is silence."—*Hamlet.*

"It is a dreary hour for her to take her last good-by of Auriel in," Douglas thought, as he looked out of the window on the morning of Azalea's funeral. "Fate has not been kind to her, even on her burial day. I wish my darling could have been carried away in the sunshine."

He saw one or two dark figures looming through the mist in the avenue, and with a shudder he walked up to the coffin and kissed the plank that hid Azalea's face from him.

"They are come to take you away," he said. "They will take me too, my own; I shall be buried with you as surely as though I were lying stiff by your side."

There was no father to bow his face in solemn anguish over the shrouded form, no mother to wail tender grief through the empty rooms when the dark burden had been carried out, and the dear presence had passed away forever. Only old Sally had placed a few bright flowers in the hands that knew not what they held, and but one token of human regret was pressed on her forehead, and that was the last caress Robert Douglas ever gave to any living creature.

A low avenue of walnut-trees, bare, save for a few yellow leaves that shone and quivered in the stir of rain and wind; a dark shape carried down the church-yard path by men whose footsteps fell softly on the golden drifts of sodden foliage. Tombstones, dull gray in the wet, and vivid hued moss, that had crept over and obscured the humbler wooden records of the dead. The marble tomb of the Mowbrays, shining white in a small grove of cypresses; an open grave, with fresh scented heaps of earth crushing down the tall grasses by its side, and the low voice of a bareheaded priest, whose prayers were almost inaudible in the sob and rush of the storm. Douglas asked himself was this scene real, or was it a dull hideous dream, from the incubus of which death alone could relieve him?

"He is an old man, that Mr. Douglas. I suppose he has acted in the place of a father to the deceased," the clergyman remarked to his clerk, when disrobing himself in the vestry.

"He did not look so a year ago; he has got shrunk and bent lately. I don't think he's past the prime of life," said the clerk, who was himself about Douglas's age.

"He wishes to remain here alone for a while; you may leave him the keys, Smith. Good-morning." And as the clouds were darkening, and the rain falling more thickly, the priest and his assistant hurried away as soon as possible to the comforts and shelter of home.

"They have gone to their firesides," thought Douglas, as he watched their receding figures disappear in the mist; they have gone to be "welcomed by the laugh of their children and the loving care of their wives; they have their households on the warm side of the earth; with them the day is glad with sound and light; with you, my poor darling, all is darkness and silence; your home is under wet weeds and sodden mould." For the first time since his great despair had come to him he burst into a passion of weeping, and flinging himself down on the grave sobbed out hot tears and inarticulate moans on the heaped mound which was now the only symbol of Azalea's presence. "Oh, child!" he cried; "have we parted forever to-day? and if not, how will it be with us when we meet again? Will your face be transfigured into an angel's, Azalea? and shall I distinguish the mortal features I loved through the splendor of your glorification? Will it seem but as yesterday that we parted? or shall I run to meet you with the same heart rapture as I should if you came forth from your grave now, and said, 'Robert, take me home again; it is cold.'"

"Oh God!" he added, bowing his face on his clasped hands, "make my heart strong with faith; let hope redeem the anguish of this hour. I am sickened with fear. My heart has gone down into the grave with this woman. I dread lest infinite ages should roll on, and I still be severed from her. I dread lest measureless time and impenetrable silence should intervene between us. Thou knowest, and Thou alone, the vast mysteries of the imperishable hereafter. Comfort me, O Lord! Comfort me and give me light!"

CHAPTER XLVIII.

LO! 'TWAS A GALA NIGHT.

Orme House was the wonder and admiration of Marine Parade on this the evening of Miss Orme's wedding-day. The windows sparkled with light, and the air was glad with jubilant music. Even the ragged children in the street were infected by the spirit of rejoicing breathed by the festal strains, and they took hands and whirled round in circles on the pavement in uncouth imitation of the gliding shadows within.

"A prettier wedding, a gayer scene, had rarely been witnessed in Brighton," old gossips said, with approving nods of the head.

All the near friends of the family were present; these, of course, included both Lady Di Merton and Thurstan Mowbray. The day had been cloudless—sea and sky two vast sheets of blue; and in a blaze of sunlight, which harmonized well with the exultance of the bridal party, Amelia Orme had passed from her father's door, her fair hair gleaming under clouds of lace-work, which trailed over robes of flowing white, while pure-hued flowers shone like white stars on her head and bosom.

A scent of crushed flowers came from the strewn church-path, a glistening light of flowing draperies moved through the dim aisle, a bevy of fair faces were bent in prayer round the altar; and the ceremony having been performed by the bride's uncle with more than usual solemnity and more than usual assistance, the Hon. Amelia Orme had returned to her father's house the Marchioness of Grandacre.

The presents to the bride were magnificent. Had she married a poor man, and really required some substantial proofs of her friends' regard, she would have probably been inundated with kettle-holders, inkstands, and many other varieties of such-like "nice useful things;" but the future possessor of the Grandacre diamonds was not to be insulted by such paltry tributes; her gifts were of the costliest description; and every woman who looked at the superb bridal declared that Amelia must indeed be happy.

She *was* very happy, and not the sharpest speech from Rosa, who suffered somewhat from envy and its consequent uncharitableness, could ruffle her sister's serenity.

Joy of heart made Amelia amiable and comely. As Marchioness of Grandacre she was pronounced to be beautiful; while poor Rosa was fain to remain that ordinary-looking girl, Rosa Orme.

Lord Orme looked earnestly after the traveling carriage which bore away the newly-married couple.

"I never saw a better matched pair," he murmured; "nor a handsomer."

"You mean the young people?" said Lady Diana, coming up to him to see if any advantage could be taken of his apparently sentimental mood.

"No," he answered, with enthusiasm; "I mean the two grays. I chose them for Grandacre myself. How well they step together!"

All the same, Lord Orme was very proud and happy in his daughter's marriage; and he did not grudge an item of the sumptuous entertainment given to celebrate the event.

That night, when the festivity was at its height, Lady Diana summoned Lord Orme to her side.

"They are all dancing," she said; "come and talk to me a little. I am tired."

Very lovely in her fatigue Lady Diana looked as she leaned back in her chair; her shoulders brought into dazzling relief by the dark crimson back-ground; her eyes half closed, her under lip drooping, and revealing a pearly gleam of teeth.

"You will soon have no daughter left," she added, with a significant glance at Rosa, who was engaged in an animated conversation with a vacuous-looking young nobleman; a youth too inexperienced and simple to know how to defend himself from the spirited assault the vivacious young lady was making on him.

Lord Orme followed the direction of Lady Diana's eyes, and for an instant looked pleased; then his face clouded over.

"No daughter left!" he repeated mechanically; the echo of her words smote him with pain. Between him and the moving figures of the dancers rose up a pale face, whose questioning eyes seemed to demand, "And where, then, is my child?"

"Of what are you thinking?" Lady Di said, gently.

"I was thinking that, should I ever meet in Paradise the two women my life was linked with on earth, her whom I most loved I should have most cause to fear."

"Why?"

"Because, by some strange perversity of my intentions, I have injured her who was dear to me, and exalted her whom I ha—I mean for whom I did not so much care."

"Lord Orme," Lady Diana said, with sudden energy, "why should you not marry again?"

"Eh! what?"

"And marry me," she concluded, leaning toward him, and trying, with all the power of each expressive feature, to make him feel her beauty. "You are alone—and I am alone; you are no longer a young man—and I have left girlhood far behind me. We are both of us easy tempered; of equal rank and—and circumstances." (Lady Di hesitated a little, remembering her milliner's bill.) "I have never liked any one so well as yourself since" (here her voice broke) "I—lost my poor—Stuart. But that was a long while ago" (recovering herself); "and I am sure that if he could look on me now"—here Lady Di gave an upward glance at the brilliant lustres of a chandelier—"he would approve my choice."

"But—" began Lord Orme.

"I know what you would say," she interrupted: "my conduct is unwomanly."

"No, no, Lady Diana, I am only too much flattered; but the honor is so great—I am overwhelmed—and really you are too young and lovely to sacrifice—" He paused. What could he say? and how could he say it? All the ordinary expressions of astonishment would fail to convey his amount of surprise and perplexity.

He was a man averse to innovations. His first impulse was always to reject any proposition which bore the impress of novelty; he hated change; he was unhappy during the late Lady Orme's lifetime, but he got used to his unhappiness, and was sorely aggrieved when death relieved him of his tyrant. Now he had become accustomed to his liberty, and liberty was sweet to him. What was he to say to this proposition, which took away his breath with its magnitude? Lady Diana had played a bold stroke, but she knew the nature of the man with whom she had to deal. He was too chivalrous and delicate-minded to judge her harshly if she failed. If she succeeded she should not regret the means she had taken to attain the end.

"If there is but one road to a place, one must take it; and in attacking a man who lives in a continual state of mental see-saw, one's only game is to frighten all the oscillation out of him," she said to herself. Nevertheless, she was feminine after all, and a genuine blush suffused her face when she spoke the words that were to decide all.

Lord Orme walked up and down with hasty nervous steps.

"I am aware that I ought not to hesitate for an instant," he said; "but—"

("It would be odd if you did not," muttered Lady Di.)

"But I am so unworthy."

"Not so," Lady Diana said, rising and edging toward the conservatory. "Blame me as much as you will, but do not seek to escape—I mean, to evade—the position by self-depreciation; remember, Lord Orme, that by so doing you deprive me of the only excuse I have for my conduct. If any thing could justify my frankness, it would be my conviction and appreciation of your worth."

Lord Orme looked doubtfully toward the conservatory.

It was there Grandacre had proposed to Amelia, and perhaps my lord fancied there might be infection lurking in that sweet, heavily perfumed atmosphere.

"You are too beautiful to throw yourself away; besides—"

"Am I beautiful?" she said, softly; "do you really think me beautiful?" a quiver of joy seemed to run through her voice, her lovely gray eyes darkened with emotion. He was too perturbed to appreciate these delicate signs of tribulation, so she recovered herself; then she pleaded earnestly and calmly, as one man might reason with another.

"I am growing old, Lord Orme, and I dread the thoughts of a lonely old age. There comes a season—it is coming to us both—when pleasure turns to pain; when the vigorous grasp on life fails; when infirmities crowd on us in place of the graces of youth; then we wail over our failures, and yet dread their termination. The dark shadow comes near us, and we shrink away yearning for companionship which may give us courage to face the enemy of life. We call the young and happy to our aid, but they are blinded with the glory of their own strength and joyousness. They rush by us, unheeding our plaint, and not perceiving its cause. When you and I grow older, Lord Orme, would it not be pleasant for us to clasp each other's hands as the darkness gathers? But I forgot—you have children—your fate is happier than mine. When I die there won't be a single being who will care to listen for my last words, or—"

Here the feminine element reasserted itself, and Lady Diana turned away her head and wept, or at least held up a lace handkerchief to her eyes.

"Upon my word, this is most extraordinary! I really don't know what to say, Lady Diana. Pray—pray don't agitate yourself. I am not worth it."

"But your wealth and title are," Lady Di murmured, *sotto voce;* and then she wept more.

"I tell you what it is," Lord Orme said, desperately; I will—"

"You *will?* Then you do not despise me!" Lady Di cried, ecstatically.

"Dear lady," he said, "I am immensely flattered. I was unprepared, of course; but still your proposition has given me unutterable gratification. I am the happiest of men, and I will—" He paused; he looked at her with tenderness. How could he look otherwise at such a beautiful face? "You will excuse me for a few moments; my guests require my presence in the supper-room. Believe that I adore your frankness, and have determined that I will—"

"What will you do?" she said, eagerly drawing nearer to him, and laying a hand on his arm.

"*I will think it over.*" And Lord Orme vanished in the crowd.

Have you ever seen the baffled face of a cat when its intended victim slips from under its feline paw and darts into a sheltering hole in the wall? If so, you may picture Lady Di's expression at this juncture.

Nevertheless, she was not altogether dissatisfied.

"It is half the battle to get him familiarized with the idea," she thought. "Hecate might marry him if she only persisted long enough, far less *me!* I shall be Lady Orme yet."

"I want to speak to you, Lady Di!" The tone was imperative, such a tone as no man uses to a woman unless words of love have passed between them.

Lady Di looked up and hesitated.

"Where?" she said, ignoring the conservatory, which she had been so anxious to enter a few moments previously.

"I know enough of the sex by this time to be aware that while no one can make opportunities so quickly as a woman, no one can evade them more dextrously when she ceases to desire them," Captain Mowbray said, rather bitterly. "Did I not see you, just now, signifying by look, if not by word, to Lord Orme your wish to rest yourself on the fauteuil in the shadow of yonder ferns? Come."

He offered his arm, and Lady Diana accepted it with something very like a curse between her rose-pink lips. Your coquette is never very far from hating where she has loved.

Supposing that Lord Orme should return, swayed by his mutable inclinations, and she should miss the treasure!

"This comes of teaching one's mule how to drive," she murmured, discontentedly. "There must be an end to this: he shall have his final congé to-night."

She sat down in the seat to which Thurstan pointed, and he placed himself by her side. For a while there was silence between them, such silence as is sometimes sweeter than speech; sometimes more bitter than the harshest words.

Lady Di was resolved to give her companion no assistance. She sat still, so still that a few overripe fuschia blossoms that dropped on to her shoulders rested there; and when he put out his hand toward her own with an entreating gesture, she did not seem to see the movement, for her little wrist never stirred from the fold of the dress where it reposed. Despite her annoyance at her position, she could not help feeling a soft sense of enjoyment in this luxurious atmosphere. The sharp edge of the sea wind was closely excluded from this warm luscious recess, where the vivid hues of tropical plants were subdued by the dim light, and rare fragrance made the slumberous air heavy with sweetness.

"Will you valse?" Lady Diana said, suddenly.

"No."

She was conscious of the gloom in his eyes, of the harsh intonation of his voice, but she affected to perceive neither. The time was gone when she cared either to lull his doubts or soothe his anger.

"They tell me," he said, presently, in a voice which she felt grated sorely against the harmony of the scene, "that you are going to marry that old man."

"What old man?" she answered, indifferently, toying with the feathers on her fan.

"You know whom I mean. You have given me enough pain of heart: do not hurt me with small meannesses. What is the use of humbugging?"

"There is no use," Lady Diana said, quietly. "The older I get the more convinced am I that, to be thoroughly comfortable, one should never take the trouble to humbug; it's much easier to be lazy, and selfish to tell the truth."

"It can not be true" (leaning over her, and grasping her arm) "that you are going to give yourself to Lord Orme for the sake of his money?"

"Did he tell you so?" Lady Di asked, eagerly, with a vague hope that Lord Orme might have been more explicit to his friend than to herself.

"No; it is you who tell me so," Captain Mowbray said, gloomily. "Your own face is an index to the falseness of your heart. You never throw away your wiles. I was watching you just now, Lady Diana. I am only too well acquainted with every variety of lie your mutable features can express; but for once I must force the truth from you. Do you or do you not still love me?"

So strong is the force of habit, and so rarely did Lady Diana ever give such questions a decided negative, that she answered, involuntarily, "Yes." Then she thought better of it, and added, with an outbreak of genuine candor, "It is of no use my nursing any further delusion about myself, Thurstan. I believe I love people sometimes, and a little time ago I quite thought I was very fond of you; but to tell you the truth—"

She hesitated. A glimpse of the young man's wrathful face, gleaming pale in the dusk, checked her for an instant.

"Go on!" he said, savagely: "the truth does not often grace your lips."

"Well, then, I care for no one but myself."

And Lady Diana sank back in her seat with a little sigh of relief. She was rather glad to be found out at last. The assumption of many disguises had become wearisome to her.

He looked at her for a while in silence; then he came near to her, and took her by the hands.

"You do not love me?"

"No, on my honor, I don't think I do now," Lady Di said, calmly.

"Have you *ever* loved me?" he repeated, with emphasis. "Are you quite certain?"

"I don't know. I dare say I did, until you began to love me back again, and then it got so monotonous—really, I forget—I wish you would not ask such unpleasant questions, Thurstan."

"Then you have sinned simply for vanity's sake?"

She looked uneasily round.

"Do not speak so loudly," she muttered.

"Do you know what I think of you?" he said, with increased excitement, and tightening his clasp on her hands. "I think that if the Magdalen were living, you would be unworthy to touch the hem of her robe. When the day comes for you to be judged, Lady Diana, I would rather be the vilest wretch that walks the streets than you—you—"

The next word was whispered in her ear, and perhaps was the hardest one that Lady Diana had ever listened to during the whole course of her evil, pampered life. He kissed her as he spoke it, and in his kiss there was more of contempt than even that bitter word conveyed.

In another instant he was gone, and the sobbing waves and glad music became strangely blended with the harsh echo of that parting word.

Lady Diana looked up pensively at the stars, which gleamed dimly through the thick panes of glass.

"I'll never speak the truth again," she thought; "if I had lied, he would still be thinking me an angel."

"Do you think I had *better* do it?" Lord Orme said, looking rather wistfully at Lady Diana, when, after a short interval, he rejoined her in the conservatory.

His disconnected phrase was perfectly understood by the person to whom it was addressed; but a hovering domestic fancied that he referred to coffee, and forthwith offered him that beverage.

Lord Orme took some, mechanically; but put his hand on the cream-jug when, in the agitation of the moment, Lady Diana filled her own cup.

"That is enough," he said, as he tilted back the cream with a view to its economy. Then he pondered again.

"I am sure it would be for your happiness and mine," Lady Di said, energetically.

"Ah, yes; I dare say it might be," was the doubtful response.

Lady Diana's heart began to fill with anger; but she concealed it under the guise of emotion.

"I am very unhappy," she stammered. "I have forfeited your respect, and—"

Here she sobbed, not knowing well what to say next.

"No—no: don't say that," replied the kind-hearted nobleman, in distress. "Let it be *Yes* (if it will make your happiness); no doubt I shall get used—I mean, no doubt I shall be very happy. Let it be *Yes!* then, Lady Diana."

And, with a deep sigh, he gulped down the rest of his coffee.

Lady Diana dejected and Lady Diana elated were two very different persons. Never was a lovelier or brighter face than that which she turned to Lord Orme now. She caught her breath with a little quick sob of delight as she leaned on his arm, and murmured,

"I am so happy."

The game was won. Defeat would have been disgraceful; but victory brought a thousand honors in its train.

Pacified duns, angry rivals, wealth, comfort—all these luxuries would be secured when she was Lady Orme.

"I wonder if Amelia has got the family diamonds?" she thought.

Then she gave Lord Orme's arm a little squeeze, and said:

"I shall tell our friends to-night. Come and dance this quadrille, won't you?"

"Don't tell them until after the quadrille, then," pleaded the other.

And then they went into the dancing-room, and Lady Diana did not tell her friends for the present; but went through the figures of the dance with a little song of triumph in her heart, and the words of the song were:

"I am Lady Orme—Lady Orme!"

Her eyes shone, her lips kept moving into tremulous smiles of delight; her beauty, irradiated by joy, was almost queenly to-night. Her flashing jewels, the sheeny sweep of her robes, the undulating grace of her movements, all that pertained to her, seemed enhanced by the charm of her triumphant loveliness.

Lord Orme looked at her with mild satisfaction. He was glad she was fair, as she meant always to live with him. He hoped she wouldn't want to ride—he hated to see women knocking about valuable horses; and he should stipulate with her she wasn't to make the tea. Women were so wasteful—spilled the tea all over the place, deluged it with water, then said it was weak, and rang for more.

And then there was one other thing he determined on. He would fetch Azalea home to live with him; the long endured and unsuspected wrong should be atoned for at length. With Lady Diana to watch over and protect her, scandal would be in a great measure averted. His new wife could help him to place the neglected girl in her proper sphere. He would no longer be burdened with the sickly feeling of remorse which had haunted him since he rejected the duties of a parent, and cast his own flesh and blood away from the shelter of his love.

"Azalea shall come home," was the refrain of his thoughts as he walked restlessly through the great salons with Lady Diana on his arm.

"Ought I not to tell dear Rosa?" the latter whispered, as they drew near a brilliant group, in which Rosa's sharp eyes and Rosa's shrill voice were prominent.

It was indelicate of her, this precipitation; she felt that; but, then, she dared not let Lord Orme "sleep it over" without his making his decision public.

"I will have that pleasure myself," Lord Orme said, with a certain grave dignity not unbecoming to him.

He put his hand gently on his daughter's shoulder.

"Rosa," he began, "I have something very agreeable to tell you."

He paused, as a servant drew near to them, and presented him with a letter.

"If you please, my lord, a person left this here just now, and was particular about its being delivered to you at once."

Lord Orme glanced at the letter. "Immediate" was written outside; and he stepped quickly up to a small table where candles were burning.

"Pray excuse me," he said to those near him; "but it may be from my stud farm. I will only just glance at it."

Rosa and her friends moved away. Lady Diana alone remained near him, furtively watching his face as he tore open the packet.

Then she suffered her glance to wander round the richly-appointed rooms; and her little foot beat time with the music as she exulted over the luxuries of her new home.

"Look at Rosa! how much she is enjoying the dancing, and how devoted her partner seems. Unless I am much mistaken, Lord Orme, you will soon rejoice over the bridal of another daughter."

She turned laughingly toward him, and was about to put her hand on his arm to attract his attention; but when she looked round and saw his countenance, her heart quivered with a great pang of nervous terror.

"What is it?" she cried. "Oh, tell me, what is it?"

Lord Orme did not speak. His face looked shrunk and livid; his eyes were fixed on the paper, which his fingers held with a stiff grasp, like hands that are dead.

The dance music swelled into a frenzy of jubilee; the dancers whirled faster and faster. Rosa and her partner circled near them, in a perfect whirlwind of diaphanous skirts. The girl's eyes were shining with happy excitement. As she passed near her father she gave him a bright look of recognition, not observing the expression of his face.

"What is it?" Lady Diana reiterated, her alarm increased by a silence which seemed so full of pain.

"It is God's justice, I suppose," Lord Orme said, slowly, his words coming out, with an effort, from his drawn lips;—"and my punishment."

Then he put the letter into her hands, and turning away as one who can not endure that his face should be seen, because of its sore trouble, he abruptly left the room.

She looked after him blankly, and then her eyes fell on the letter. It ran as follows:

"MY LORD,—Your daughter Azalea is dead. She died in my presence a week since, and I saw her buried this morning. The only reproach she ever made against you consisted in her not mentioning your name during her last hours.

"Her last words were for me who loved her; but she did not speak of the man who was once too dear to her, nor of the father who was as nothing to her.

"Her foster-parent, George Moore, told me before he died, that he believed in his heart that you were married to the dead girl's mother. Whether this be true or false matters little now; for even were such the truth, and I forced you to own it, not all the honor of your name and wealth could reanimate my girl into the beauty of life.

"That she should never move again seems to me more wonderful than that she should have ceased to speak; for lately she had grown very silent, but her fingers were always restless, and her eyes continually sought the window, as though she expected some arrival that might bring her happiness; but no one came, excepting the old doctor.

"I am, my lord, your obedient servant,
"ROBERT DOUGLAS."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A LADY asked a gentleman how old he was. He replied, "What you do in every thing." What was his age? XL.

"Are you fond of tongue, Sir?" "I was always fond of tongue, Madam, and I like it *still*."

"Nineteen dresses in three weeks, and she said last night that she could not go to supper because she had not a rag to her back!"

"What did Gussy say?"

"Why, that he could not either; he had no coat to his stomach."

A GRECIAN BEND TRAGEDY.

At midnight in her chamber lone,
While round her form the lamp-light shone
A maiden fair did sadly moan;
She was a girl of mighty grit,
  Her breast was heaving wild with passion,
She was so mad she could have "fit,"
  Because she couldn't catch the fashion.

"I'll do it, sure," the maiden said,
The while with wrath she shook her head,
"And that before I sleep in bed;
I'm bound to have the proper bend;
  No more I'll bear the idle scorning
Of other girls whom Heaven mend—
  Or break their necks the first fine morning."

But here she ceased, and with a sigh,
As though she fain would stop and cry,
Before the glass with courage high,
Till fled the night before the morn,
  Her lovely form she squirmed and twisted;
But with the dawn she "owned the corn,"
  And from her efforts vain desisted.

Then goaded on by wounded pride,
Nor knowing where her shame to hide,
In angry mood she "up and died."
Yet though it surely seems too bad,
  Her sorrows should be never ending,
Her spectral form, a vision sad,
  At midnight still is Grecian bend-*ing*.

Young ladies who play croquet are known as "maids all for lawn."

"William, my son, how came you to muddy your dress so?"

Willie stopped a moment, then looking his father in the eye, very soberly asked:

"Father, what am I made of?"

"Dust. The Bible says, 'Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.'"

"Well, father, if I'm dust, how can I help being muddy when it rains on me?"

Archie and Tom sparked the same girl. One night Archie called on her and found her alone. After some conversation he burst out with: "Miss Mollie, do you think you could leave this comfortable home, kind father and mother, loving brothers and sisters, and go to the far West with a young man who has little to live on save his profession?" Miss Mollie laid her hand gently on Archie's shoulder, with her eyes about half closed, her ruby lips slightly apart, and said softly: "Yes, Archie, I think I could." "Well," said Archie, "my friend Tom is going West, and wants to marry. I will mention it to him."

Her "Photo" album richly bound,
And shining fair with lustrous gold,
I from the table raised and said:
"Is this your Bible I behold?"
"Ah, no!" she said, with happy smile,
"We maidens have, you know, our whims,
And though devoutly pondered o'er,
No Bible 'tis; but Book of *Hims!*"

"Pretty girl, Amanda is." "Ah! is she blonde or brunette?" "Oh, she has her days of both."

"I understand, Mr. Jones, that you said you could turn any thing neater than any man in this town."

"Yes, Mr. Smith, I said so."

"Well, Mr. Jones, I don't like to brag, but there is no man on earth that can turn a thing as well as I can whittle it."

"Poh, nonsense, Mr. Smith, talk about your whittling; what can you whittle as well as I can turn it?"

"Any thing, every thing, Mr. Jones. Just name the article that I can't whittle, that you can turn, and I will give you a V if I don't do it to the satisfaction of all these gentlemen present."

"Well, Mr. Smith, suppose we take two grindstones, just for trial; you may whittle and I will turn."

Mr. Smith slid.

"Phil, my jewel," said Pat, "I'm mighty sorry you can't dine with me to-day."

"Arrah, and why can't I dine with you?" said the astonished Phil.

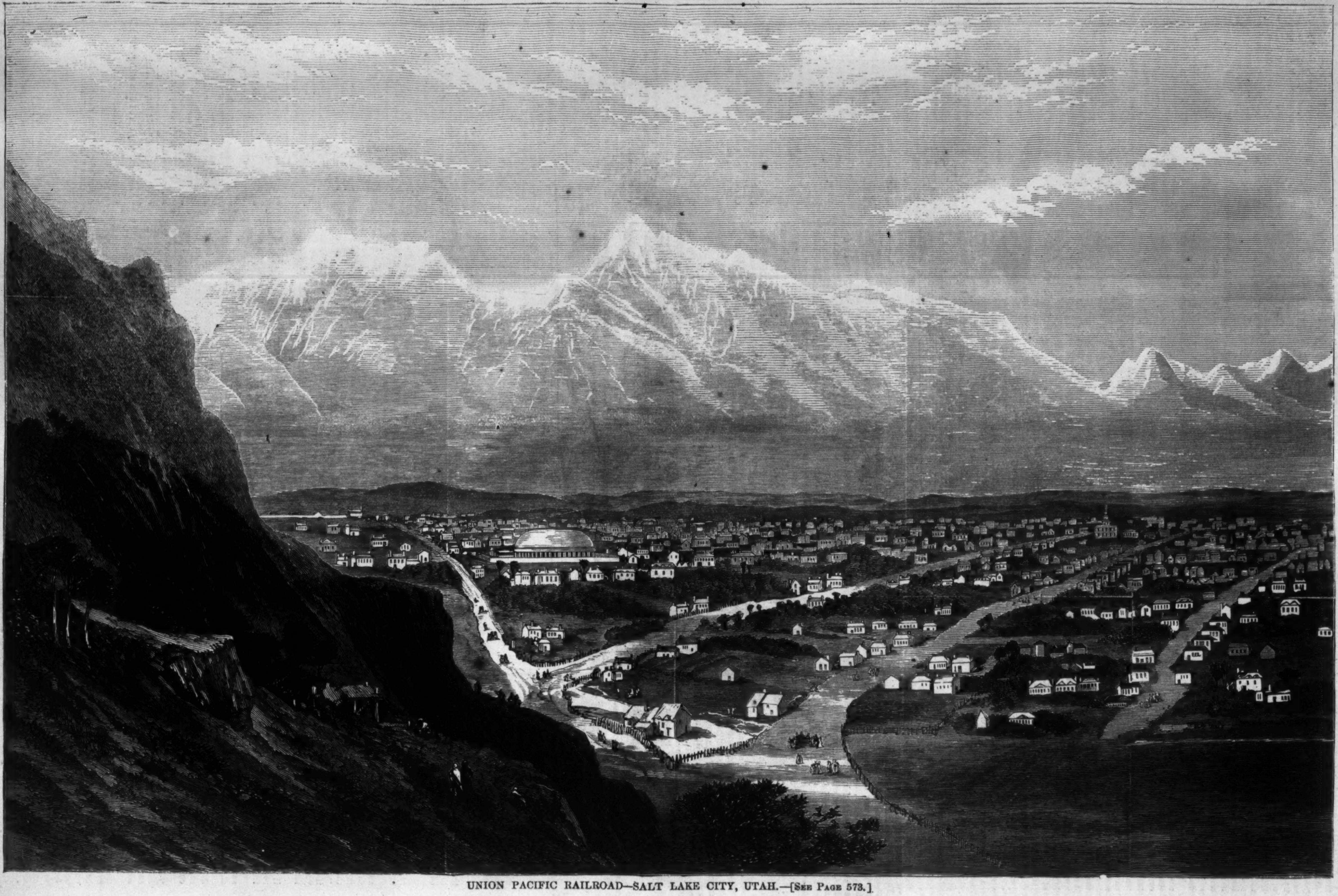
"Because, my dear," returned Pat, "I haven't asked ye as yet."

A man who had been sick away from home wrote back thus: "I am so changed that my *oldest creditors* would hardly know me!"

The provisions of the new Massachusetts Prohibitory law are so exacting that the Boston police are watching the tumblers in the circus.

The most reflection some young ladies have is in the mirror.

THE BEST DRAWING LESSON—Drawing a salary.



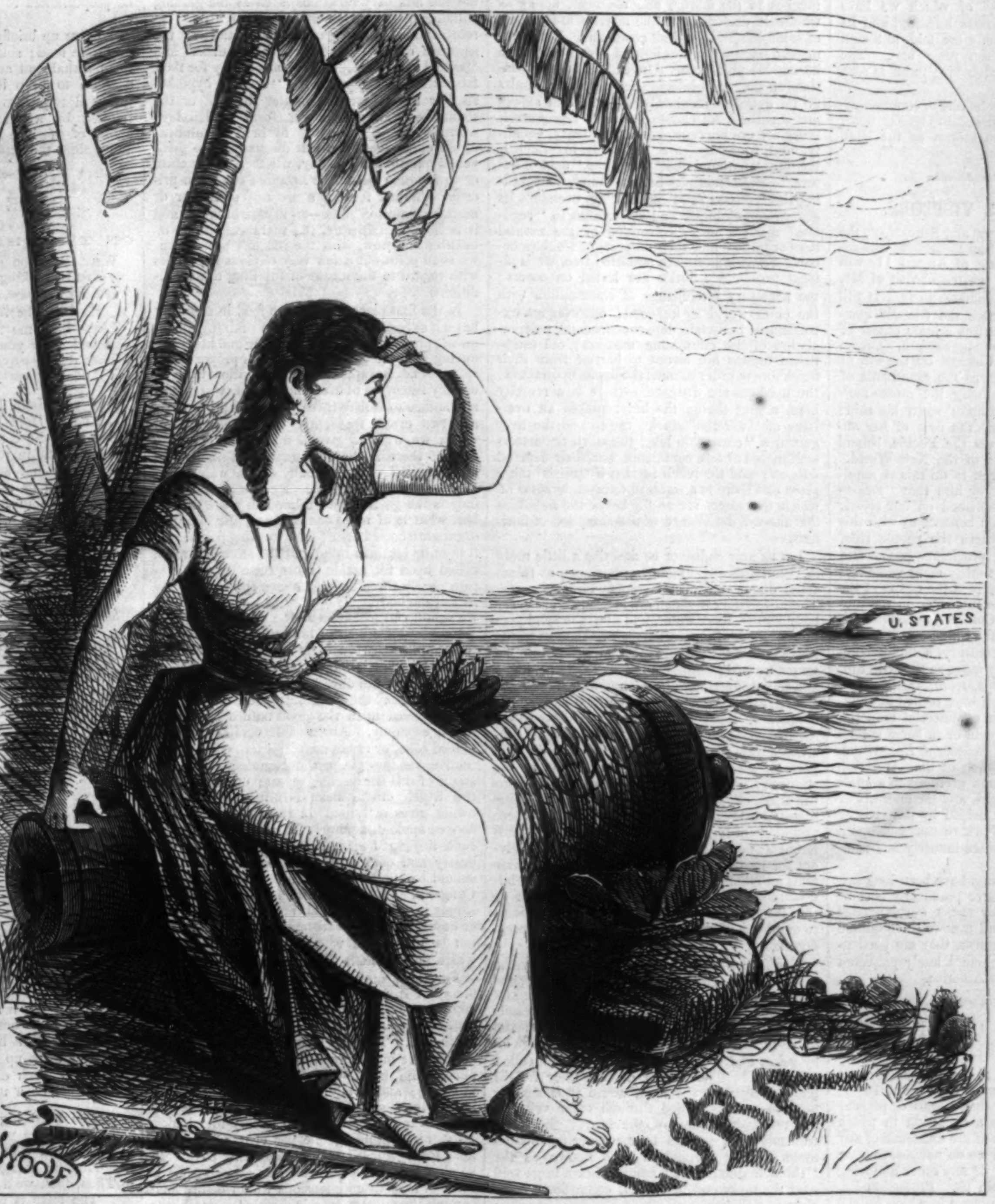
UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD—SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.—[See Page 573.]

SALT LAKE CITY.

WE gave in our last Number illustrations of Omaha, Nebraska, and of a Prairie on Fire, on the line of the Union Pacific Railway. On page 572 we give this week a picture of Salt Lake City. This settlement, situated in the Territory of Utah, was formed by the Mormons, or Latter-Day Saints, after their expulsion from the city of Nauvoo, in Illinois. Their prophet, JOSEPH SMITH, and his brother, were murdered in the jail of Carthage by an armed mob. In the beginning of 1846 the van of the Mormons, under the guidance of BRIGHAM YOUNG, the successor of JOSEPH SMITH, crossed the Mississippi on their journey for the Western wilderness; and, after enduring great privations on their journey, the pioneers reached, in 1847, the spot where they established the city, and in autumn were joined by the main body. During the winter and spring they suffered from famine; but on the arrival of harvest provisions became abundant.

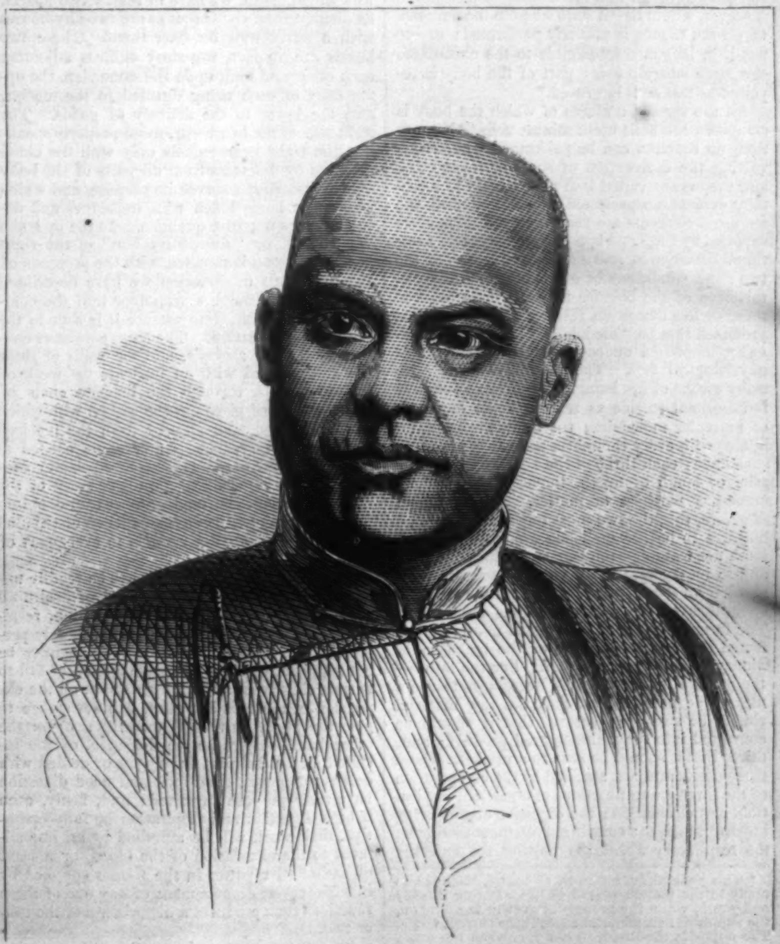
There can be little wonder that the more ignorant of the Mormons, when they first see the "City of the Saints," believe that they have reached the promised land. The city site has been well chosen. It lies in a charming and almost entirely level valley, surrounded by hills and grand mountain peaks, watered by innumerable rivulets. The waters of "City Creek Cañon," divided into innumerable streams, run down every principal street of the city. The roads are wide, and, except in three or four business streets, each house has a large garden, and very frequently an orchard attached to it. Light and graceful trees line each street. The climate of the valley is good; peach and apricot trees are flourishing every where. So calm and tranquil is the course of life in the Mormon capital that the remark of the Shaker to Artemus Ward would seem to be applicable to it, "Here all is peas." And whatever may be said about those peculiar institutions which have made the Mormon religion a by-word and a jest, every visitor is constrained to admit that the industry of this remarkable people has made what was once little else than a barren alkaline desert to "blossom as the rose." Their local government is excellent. Crime, in the full sense of the word, is almost unknown among them, or is confined to the "Gentile" residents. There are but four bar-rooms and one billiard-saloon in Salt Lake City to a population of 27,000—a remarkable fact in this Western country, where there is usually a bar-room to each twenty or so inhabitants. Rapid changes will no doubt follow the progress of civilization in this community, and the completion of the Pacific railroads can hardly fail to inaugurate them.

Our illustration shows the general plan of the city. The Tabernacle, irreverently termed by Gentiles "the great egg-shell," from the form of its roof, is plainly seen in the middle distance. The building will hold 10,000 persons, and 7000 persons can be comfortably seated. It is one vast room, the dome being supported by a Howe truss, resting on stone columns. It possesses the second largest organ in the United States, and has an immense platform, with several desks for the president, the twelve apostles, and others. It is the place of worship for the Mormons of the city; and on every Sabbath they gather there to listen to exhortations often delivered by a dozen speakers. The roof is composed of wooden shingles, which, having turned somewhat gray with age, have the appearance of a dull metallic



"UNDER A PALM-TREE—WAITING FOR A SAIL."—TENNYSON'S "ENOCH ARDEN."

SING-MAN, CHINESE MERCHANT, SAN FRANCISCO.—PHOT. BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 574.]



CHOY-CHEW, CHINESE MERCHANT, SAN FRANCISCO.—PHOT. BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 574.]

surface. The "Temple," of which we have heard so much, is a separate building, and its foundations, of granite, only are laid, although the work was begun fifteen years ago. The grand range of the Wasatch Mountains is seen in the distance.

Salt Lake City will be in direct communication with the Pacific Railroad in October next, by the branch line to be known as the Utah Central Railroad.

OUR CHINESE VISITORS.

The visit of Choy-Chew and Sing-Man, the Chinese merchants from San Francisco, who arrived here on the evening of August 11, will further the influences of the recent visit of Mr. Burlingame and his diplomatic party. It will even more directly promote the friendly commercial relations which it was a main object of the Burlingame mission to inaugurate. Choy-Chew, in his speech at Chicago on the 6th of August, admirably expressed the sentiments of the more enlightened among the great merchants in the Chinese empire when he said: "China must brush away the dust of her antiquity, and, looking across the Pacific, behold and profit by the lessons of the New World." That she has already begun to do this is manifest from the facts stated by him that "steamboat lines have been established on our rivers, and the telegraph will soon connect us with this wonderful sovereignty, where the people rule, and where every thing proclaims peace and good-will to all." About thirty-eight years ago the *Edinburgh Review* exposed the falsity of the statements made by those interested in the monopoly of the East India Company as to the anti-commercial character of the Chinese. It proved that they were, on the contrary, a highly-commercial people; that they were, as they still are, the great traders of the Eastern Archipelago; that vast numbers of them were settled at Batavia, Singapore, and other commercial emporia, all actively engaged in trade or in some species of useful industry. The *Edinburgh Review* predicted even then the growth of that American trade with China which now promises to assume such prodigious proportions, and the interests of which will be materially helped by the visit of Choy-Chew and Sing-Man to our metropolis as representatives of Chinese industry and commerce.

These Chinese merchants have been long settled in California, and have practically become American citizens. They speak our language with perfect freedom, and are well acquainted with our country. Of course, they are particularly interested in the schemes lately projected for Chinese emigration to America.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN HEALTH-BOARD.

In order to learn how to preserve health it is necessary, first, to understand what health is. A not inapt, though somewhat negative, popular description phrases it as a condition in which there is no consciousness of the existence of any organ or member—when we do not *feel* that we have a heart, a stomach, or any other annoying piece of mechanism within us. Professionally, it has been worded as "a state in which all the functions are exerted with regularity and harmony." A better and more scientific definition, however, would be—a state wherein the nutrition of all the tissues is properly performed; or—to put it in language intelligible to the uninitiated—a state wherein every part of the body is repaired as fast as it is wasted.*

All the various textures of which the body is composed are built up of minute cells. No motion, no function can be performed without involving the destruction of some of these cells, and the organs called into play remain to a certain extent incapacitated for action until the worn-out elements are removed, and their place supplied by fresh and appropriate material. Continual destruction and continual repair are the two great conditions of our being, and any disturbance of the balance between them leads to more or less disastrous results. When St. Paul professed that he "died daily," his spiritual metaphor embodied unconsciously a demonstrable physiological fact. The manual laborer with every stroke of his hammer or pickaxe commits infinitesimal suicide as regards some hundreds of muscular molecules; the brain-worker annihilates with every thought a portion of his nerve substance; each throb of the heart, each tear of grief or laugh of mirth, implies the death of numerous particles of matter. It is evident, therefore, that the two most important pieces of business to be accomplished are, to dispose of these dead atoms—to clear away the rubbish—and to incorporate fresh, vigorous ones in their stead. To these two great ends all the complex operations of the different organs are means. The former—the removal of dead matter—is effected through the agency of the lungs, skin, kidneys, and intestinal canal. For the latter—the process of repair—it is necessary, to use a mercantile phrase, first, that the raw material should be supplied; second, that it should be converted into the manufactured product; and, third, that it should be sent to a market. These three desiderata are attained by the co-operation of the three grand functions of digestion, respiration, and circulation; the digestive organs being importers and, to a certain extent, manufacturers; the respiratory apparatus putting the finishing touches to the fabric; and the heart acting as wholesale dealer, while the arteries are jobbers of small lots to suit retail customers. The commercial microcosm thus figured is very much like its outside prototype. Under judicious legislation (on the "non-interference" principle) affairs go on quite harmoniously, demand and supply are equalized, all classes are fairly represented, taxes are not burdensome, and "liberty, equality, and fraternity" are peacefully maintained, the only "national debt" being the "debt of nature." But sometimes human vanity, disregarding the "*laissez faire*" philosophy, oversteps its governmental limits and undertakes to "regulate" matters in contravention of the natural laws of trade; and then all sorts of troubles occur. Some imports are admitted free, while almost prohibitory duties are levied on others; the necessary interchange of commodities with the outer world is impeded; extravagant expenditures in certain departments entail a depreciation of the circulating medium; old established organs are forced to borrow from their neighbors in order to meet the drafts upon them; the markets are disturbed—there is a scarcity here, a glut there; the heart makes an over-issue of "watered" stock; ten to one the liver gets up a "corner" in bile; the small purchasers lack means or lose confidence, and their demand falls off; and the result is, that a "crisis" takes place and there is a series of failures, in some of which the assets are so far below the liabilities that there is no chance of a resumption of business.

Let us now endeavor to describe a little more in detail this manufacturing business, as transacted under the most favorable circumstances. The raw materials which are needed are, as every body knows, food, water, and air; the solid portions of food, of course, supplying the most essential elements. There are two purposes to be served by food; namely, the construction of tissue and the production of heat; and alimentary substances are divided into two classes, as they are adapted to the one or the other of these ends; the first class, or food proper, consisting of substances which contain nitrogen (such as the lean parts of meat, etc.), and being digested in the stomach; while the second class, or fuel, comprises starch, sugar, fat, oil, alcohol, etc., and is digested in the upper part of the intestine. These two kinds of digestion are performed in very different ways, the stomach furnishing an acid solvent for its part of the work, while the intestine adds an alkali to the oily materials with which it deals, and converts them into an emulsion; so that it is possible for a person to be dyspeptic as to one kind of food, while the other is properly digested.

The food, having been duly prepared by the process just briefly hinted at, is started on a slow journey along the intestinal canal, and during its transit myriads of busy little absorbent vessels abstract from it all of its nutritive particles; the tissue-making substances being taken charge of by veins, and the fuel by special carriers called "lacteals." The former deposit their freight temporarily with the liver, where it is further purified and forwarded through other veins to the receiving bureau of the heart; the latter transmit their parcels to the same destination more directly through a tube known as the "thoracic duct," which empties into a large vein near the inner end of the left collar-bone, quite close to the heart.

Although it is the custom to speak of the heart as a single organ, we have in reality two hearts, as distinct from each other as are two city houses with a party wall between them. These two hearts are, in fact, two-story edifices adjoining each other and built upon the same plan, the upper story of each being devoted to the receipt, and the lower to the delivery of goods. The right side of the heart—or, more properly speaking, the right heart—deals only with the blood returned by the veins from all parts of the body—blood which has served its purpose, and which is brought home laden with impurities and deprived of its nutritive qualities. In the up stairs department, or "dumping-room," of the right heart this blood is mingled with the proceeds of the two kinds of digestion we have described, and lowered through a trap-door into the compartment beneath, from whence it is sent to the lungs for purification. The lungs consist of congeries of small air-cells, and the walls of these are embroidered with an intricate net-work of minute vessels, through the delicate coats of which the blood gives out the carbon with which it was charged, and absorbs from the inspired air the oxygen which is now alone needed to render it fit for use. This process being accomplished, it is returned to the upper story of the left heart, lowered through another trap-door into the delivery department, and thence distributed through the ramifying arteries to every part of the body.

From what has been said it will be readily understood that for the maintenance of health all three of these great functions, digestion, respiration, and circulation, must be adequately performed. If proper food in proper quantity be not supplied, or if the digestive apparatus fail to extract therefrom available materials, all the expansion of the broadest chest will not suffice to give the blood its needed qualities; if, on the other hand, respiration be defective, or the inspired air be deficient in oxygen or defiled with deleterious gases, good food and good digestion have their purpose thwarted; and, lastly, even if both digestion and respiration be fully operative, their work will be annulled by an impediment to the circulation of the blood, or a want of assimilative power in the tissues supplied by it. Moreover, derangement of any one of these functions soon produces a disturbance of the other two.

So far we have endeavored—without going into the more recondite mysteries of subordinate and auxiliary functions, such as the guiding stimulus of the "vis nervosa" through its "cerebro-spinal" and "ganglionic" channels; the separate duties of the "red blood disks" and "cytoid corpuscles," and the machinery for their fabrication and repair; the "cellular hypothesis," or the "germinal matter theory," or the seductive "protoplasm" platform of Huxley; without inquiring whether fibrin is an aliment or an excrement; without discussing the great vexed question of the day, whether to structure or to function should be awarded causative priority; whether force is a property of matter or matter a result of force—to sketch broadly, and it is hoped intelligibly, the main conditions of health; and now, with the reader's permission, we shall point out a few very obvious inferences with regard to the means of fulfilling these conditions.

In the first place, wholesome food in sufficient but not excessive quantity, and containing the requisite proportions of tissue-making and heat-producing materials, must be taken at proper intervals. A normal appetite, and the ordinary mixed dietary resources of every household, will generally suffice to satisfy these postulates; but there are two errors frequently committed, against which we wish to give a mild warning. The first of these is the consumption of inordinate amounts of liquids, especially of cold water, during or soon after a meal. By this practice not only is the gastric juice diluted to some extent, but, what is of more consequence, the digestive organs are cooled below their working point; and it is to be borne in mind that the stomach, when called upon for action, must raise its temperature nearly three degrees above the heat of the rest of the body. The other bad habit to which we would call attention is the custom prevalent among business men of filling the protracted interspace between an early breakfast and a late supper by "any thing to stay the stomach" in the middle of the day. Under the deceptive title of "lunch" the most outrageous impositions are practiced upon the good-nature of the internal economy. Abominable compounds misnamed cake, or crude atrocities termed by imaginative vendors pie, not uncommonly form the staple of this Barmecidal repast; or to the appetite which craves flesh-forming pabulum, its owner gives a "stone" in the shape of a half-cooked apple-dumpling! If we had our way, all such ill-judged appeals to perverted tastes—all pastry and confectionery of whatever grade—should be abolished by "reconstructive" act of Congress. While appetite lasts it is better to supply it with substantial, nutritive viands; after hunger has been satisfied the stomach should not be overloaded with superfluous substances which merely tickle the palate.

For the process of respiration pure air, and plenty of it, is needed. With every breath we deprive the atmosphere of a portion of its oxygen, and pollute it with a certain amount of carbonic acid. This latter gas always exists in the atmosphere in the proportion of from four to six parts in ten thousand (to an even greater extent in cities); and in addition to this, every pair of human lungs generates and exhales it at the rate of about fifteen cubic feet in twenty-four hours. Now, air containing one per cent. of carbonic acid gas becomes unfit for breathing purposes; so that one man confined in an air-tight apartment of moderate dimensions would before long commit involuntary suicide merely by breathing; and when we add that, besides carbonic acid, a constant elimination of more positively poisonous organic matter is always occurring from the lungs and from the skin, and state the further fact that a candle in burning uses as much oxygen and gives out as much carbonic acid as an average human being, and that an ordinary gas-burner equals eight living adults in this respect, we trust that a homily on the importance of ventilation, or an inferential sermon against crowded ball-rooms and other similar poison vats, may be left to the good sense of the reader.

More especially is the precaution of securing a supply of fresh air to be observed at night, for then the percentage of pure oxygen is less. While sunlight lasts plants under its influence possess the property of absorbing carbonic acid and setting free the oxygen again; but after dark they cease to perform this function, and the animal world is left to take care of itself until morning.

To maintain the blood in active circulation no better advice can be given than that conveyed in the old saw: "Keep the head cool by temperance and the feet warm by exercise." Without exercise (limited on the hither side of fatigue) no function can be adequately performed; but more particularly does it bear upon the proper distribution of the liquid life within the arteries. By its means the waste particles are thrown off with greater rapidity, and a demand stimulated for newer and better material; by it the blood is called to every portion of the frame, and that equalization of temperature produced which we speak of as "the glow of health." In speaking of exercise, however, we do not mean the too often overdone exertions of the gymnasium, where one set of muscles is monstrously distorted at the expense of all the rest. Moderate training of this sort is well enough in the absence of outdoor practice; but an exaggerated "biceps" is not a conclusive evidence of a perfect sanitary condition. Neither do we refer to dancing vehemently at thronged assemblies, where glaring gas and sudorific society are devitalizing the close atmosphere, and loading it with carbonic acid and organic matter. Under such circumstances exercise merely forces the lungs to contaminate the system by introducing impurities in excess of those already existing in it. A brisk "constitutional" walk, taken regularly in pure open air, and not prolonged to weariness, is all that is required in the way of exercise in most cases. In all, of course, the amount or the violence of the exertion should be proportioned to the strength of the individual.

To sum up briefly: a good digestion and appropriate food; sound lungs and pure air to fill them withal; an active circulation and regular exercise to keep it in motion—these are the principal requisites of health, and if these be fulfilled by a man's physical condition and habits of life, the less he has to do with pills and potions the better for him. A. L. C.

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* This general definition is, of course, intended to apply to the mature period of life. During infancy and youth, while the process of growth is going on, the supply of new material exceeds the current waste. The opposite condition, in old age, when the waste exceeds the supply, indicates a decadence of the natural powers, and is therefore a departure from health.

UNCLE SAM'S REPLY

TO THE MULLIGAN

ON THE CHINESE QUESTION.

Why, Pat, you goney, what's the row
  You're making all the day, Sir?
Let Ki Hi pass, you silly fool—
  He'll not be in your way, Sir.
Leave it to me to trot him out,
  And show you all his tricks, Sir;
That done—why, you can leave off work,
  And only carry bricks, Sir.

And you, John Bull, don't strain yourself,
  And of Hold Hengland prate, Sir;
For when he comes, depend upon't,
  You'll sit in royal state, Sir;
Drink 'arf-and-'arf, and read the news,
  And tell us all the figgers—
How, down in Abysynny there,
  You British whipped the niggers.

Monsieur Crapaud, my friend in red,
  You need not feel alarmed, Sir;
The glory of the "nation grande"
  Will not the least be harmed, Sir.
Of equal power and equal rights
  You yet may see the day, Sir;
But till that period comes round
  Let Ki Hi work away, Sir.

And you, my blue-eyed plodding coz,
  Just landed from the Rhine, Sir,
You'll soon have leisure on your hands
  To sing away your time, Sir;
For in the shops or on the land
  He'll do your work quite clever,
While you lay off, and treat the vrow,
  And lager swill forever.

Ha! Sambo—you there—hi, this way!
  I want a word with you, Sir;
So come along, my dusky friend,
  And bring your banjo too, Sir.
Quick—heel and toe—and reel it off;
  I vow, you're quite amazing.
Now sun yourself the rest o' the day,
  While Ki Hi does the slaving.

For by Jerusalem I swar,
  By all the laws of nations,
He's just the motive pow'r we want
  That don't need any rations.
A little rice, a little salt,
  And work up to the handle;
To leave such dicker loose around
  Would be a mighty scandal.

So, Ki Hi, bring your spade and pick,
  And, while you dig or strike, Sir,
I'll sit and whittle all the day,
  And fix things as I like, Sir.
Then, first, we'll turn the country round—
  The folks is always jangling—
And make the Southern eend the North
  To stop their cussid wrangling.

Next, we might level off the farm
  (When you've had time to rally)
And dump the Rocky Mountains down
  In Mississippi's valley.
But, first and foremost of the hull,
  You bet, I've got the notion,
We'll build a bridge from Cubey hum
  Across the Atlantic Ocean.

Dyspepsia Tablets cure Indigestion, Heartburn, and Sour Stomach. Fifty Cents per Box. Mailed for 60c. Sold by druggists. S. G. Welling, 571 Broadway.

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1869.
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New York, *August*, 1869.

We invite the attention of Booksellers to our Special List of Books, which we will sell on the following terms, for Cash, from the 16th of August to the 25th of September, after which our terms will positively be as heretofore.

On Orders of	$ 100	at one time,	25	per cent.	discount;
"	$ 500	"	30	"	"
"	$1000	"	33⅓	"	"
"	$2000	"	35	"	"

And an additional deduction of Five per cent. for Cash.

We shall not sell at any of the Trade Sales this Fall.

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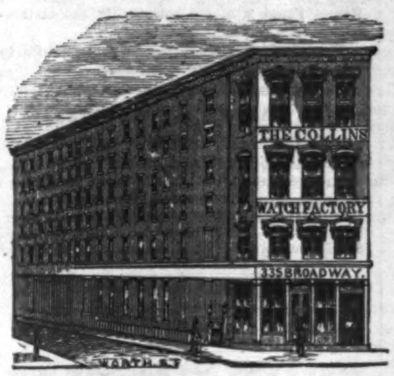

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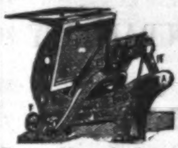

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